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SONG: THE ANGEL OF SPRING.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

O softly lift thy golden wand,
And wave abroad thy rainbow-wing,
Or touch the sad with rosy fast,
Thou gentle Angel of the Spring!
Sweet Resurrection-symbol, glow
On dripping shrub and sodden bower!
How long, how long we've plead for thee—
O beautiful mystery!

II.

Joy! Joy! at last we see thee aye,
So softly, deeply, brightly blue;
Joy for all dreamy flowers
That sleep in mossy sparkling dew!
No more the wintry tempest's wail
Hath I how drives thy steeds in vain
Touched on the storms so joyously—
O beautiful mystery!

III.

Come, darling! from the weary hearth,
And let the Winter-fire fade:
Spring, Spring is here! Our home shall be
Where the first violets sprinkle gold:
They are the pools sweet-drinking
Sweet hackneys amid the glad,
Full cups of nectar left by them—
O beautiful mystery!

IV.

Sing, step aland, ye minstrels rare
And join your orchestra of lovers!
Sing, for the Angel of the Spring is near!
And softly flash, ye morning eyes!
Bright beneficiaries on the wing!
And lute, thou Angel of the Spring!
O how the tenth is lit by thee—
Thou beautiful mystery!

SILVERTHORNE;

OR,

THE HEIRS OF CHESWOLD MANOR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ORMOND PETERS, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]

CHAPTER X.

A MYSTERIOUS CALAMITY.

Elroy Clifton remained at Cheswold an hour, or more; but he could not stop longer, as he wished to reach his vessel before dark. Words on the part of the bereaved were feeble to express the gratitude he felt; still for awhile, after he had heard the story of the lived dead, he was in a less what to do or say. In fact, the event weighed upon his mind rather painfully, for he felt so much the debtor that he feared the obligation could never be cancelled. By and by, however, the youth succeeded in placing him more at his ease.

"Rather say is it I who am the debtor," Elroy urged, with earnest sincerity. "If I have done a good deed, mine, also, is the reward. Not for all the wealth of the world, sir, would I relinquish the memory of the good I have done in life; and as this has been my greatest success, so is it to record the sweetest and purest I ever possessed. Should I never see you again, I shall always remember you as among those to whom I am indebted for the brightest sun-spots of my poor life."

"Noble, generous boy," cried Sir Edward, seizing the youth's hand as he spoke, "this is the noblest act of all! But we shall meet again. —Aye, we shall meet again. And, in the time to come, I hope I may be able to show to you how warm a friend Edward Bannion can prove himself. But I cannot say all now. I am not quite myself yet." And after he had thus spoken, he leaned back again in the seat, and gazed into Clifton's face for several seconds—gazed with a look so intense and earnest that he seemed forgetful of all else. He was recalled from this reverie by the youth's rising from his chair.

"I must go," Elroy said, glancing from the baronet to the fair ward. He approached the latter, who had also risen, and took her hand. "In this word of farewell, dear lady, I offer you my kindest prayers. God bless and keep you!"

Pale and trembling, Lorinda sank back into her seat, and covered her face. She spoke not a word—she did not even look up. The young man gazed upon her one moment more, and then hurried from the apartment. His horse was at the door, and he had mounted when Sir Edward came out.

"Farewell, sir," he said, waving his hand to the baronet.

"One word. Hold a moment," cried the host, advancing to the horseman's side. "You will be this way again ere long?"

"Perhaps so. I cannot tell."

"You must come. I would see you. I have reasons for the request. Will a year's vessel bound away soon?"

"Yes, sir,—I expect so."

"Whither?"

"To the French coast."

"Then you will not be gone long?"

"Two or three weeks."

"And then you may come this way again. By that time old Silverthorne will be dead, and I can meet you at his cot. You will come?"

"Yes."

"Thank you."

Then the word of farewell was spoken again, and Elroy Clifton rode away. Once he turned to look back—for he saw the baronet looking after him.

"That man acts strangely," he muttered to himself, as he rode on. "His eye is of a wondrous lustre, and his words are curiously spoken. Can it be that his mind is wavering? He has known sorrows; and he may have brooded over them until they have gained the mastery. And yet, I hope it is not so. By my soul, I love him."

Aye—and in a few moments more the youth was thinking of another whom he almost loved. A younger and fairer face than Sir Edward's was present with him; and it kept his spirit company for most of the time till he reached his vessel.

When the baronet returned to the drawing-room, where he had left Lorinda and Margaret Rowland, he found Jack Spencer there. The meeting between the old boatman and the middle-aged lady was a most joyous one; and as Sir Edward entered, Jack started forward and caught his hand.

"Now, my master, tell me that I am pardoned. Let me feel that you don't bar my boldness in me."

"All past and forgiven, Jack," replied the baronet, warmly; "so join me in my joy, and be careful in the future."

All this the old man did and promised, and then withdrew. Shortly afterwards Margaret took her leave, not only bearing a rich token of Sir Edward's gratitude, but also assured that, from that time forth, she could have a home at Cheswold, or Rowlands, whenever she wanted it.

Towards evening Owen Murdoch and his son arrived from a trip into the country; and, as they had heard the news from the village, they were prepared to greet the saved girl with every sign of joy and thankfulness. Gerald was especially profuse in his professions, and confessed that the whole earth had seemed dark and drear in view of Lorinda's supposed loss. But he was happy once more; and henceforth he felt that he must have an eye to her safety himself. She heard him, and tried to treat him with becoming respect; but her heart was not in the work. She continued him with another whom she knew, and the result was, to him, most unfavorable.

Late in the evening Sir Edward found himself alone with his ward. He had appeared very much wearied after supper, and had spoken but little. His brow was overcast, and there was a nervous twitching about the mouth which betrayed a spirit ill at ease.

"Lorinda," he said, taking a seat by her side, "I am going on a journey. How long I shall be gone I cannot tell."

"On a journey?" repeated the maiden, gazing into her guardian's face with an anxious look.

"Why again? You have but just returned to Cheswold from a journey. Is your home not comfort. Why go again?"

"I must go. The business on which I then went is not half done. I must finish it if I live. But I shall leave you in the care of those who will protect you; and you can divide your time between Cheswold and Rowlands as you please."

Lorinda regarded him for a moment in silence, and then she threw her arms about his neck.

"My dear, kind guardian," she cried, while the tears started to her eyes, "something tells me you unhappy. Is it not so?"

"I am troubled somewhat for a long time, darling." And he would have put her arms from his neck, but she clung to him.

"Not like this—not like this," she said. "O, what is it? Tell me, and I may give you re-lease."

"It is nothing new, sweet one."

"Don't deceive me, Sir Edward. O, trust me, and I will not forsake you. I know—I see. It is the sundering of that new tie! We will not be separated. My heart shall be yours if you will take it. I will be your wife; and I will love you while life lasts."

The last words stopped himself from her embrace, and then gazed into her tear-wet face.

"No, no," he spoke more solemn and solemnly—"you are mistaken. Heaven bless you for your noble will and purpose; but the sacrifice is not needed. As God liveth, I have no desire that way. If I have a second wedding-day the rending of the tie to which you allude, is of thankfulness, and not of regret. No, not for the worlds would I recall the decision by which I set you free. So think no more of that. As to the business which calls me away, I feel that it is imperative, or I should not go. But, as I said before, you will make yourself as comfortable as possible. You are mistress of your own home, and can go and come as you please."

Lorinda was not satisfied: and yet she knew not what to say. She had never seen her guardian so low in spirit, and so sad, before; and as he now gazed upon her, with his mild eye so full of melancholy, she felt her own eyes fill with tears anew.

"O, Sir Edward," she murmured, laying her hand gently upon his arm, "if you would tell me all, you would at least be one more heart to help you bear your burden."

"Alas, my child, you know not what you ask! But—it is late now; and I am unhappy drowsy. Yet cannot tell you to-night."

"Not yet, dear guardian. You have something more to say. You have not yet told me when you are going."

"I cannot tell exactly when I shall go. It may be to-morrow. But leave me now, for I have writing to do."

He kissed her, and blessed her; and then she went away to her chamber, where she sat down by an open casement. She was very uneasy, for a strange fear had come over her. Could it be that her guardian's sorrow had begun to weaken him? Was it possible that his reason was being edged by the undermining forces of the calamity over which he brooded? She asked herself these questions, and a cold, painful shudder crept over her as she imagined what the answer might be. It was late when she sought her pillow; and even then she could not sleep. There was too much upon her mind. At length —it must have been past midnight—she heard a low step in the corridor, and presently her door was opened. She looked up, and by the pale moonlight she recognized Sir Edward, with his hair dishevelled, evidently upon her.

"Dream sweetly, blessed one; and good angels guard and bless thee!" So he spoke, in a whispered, prayerful tone.

"Dear guardian!"

"Ah—art thou awake? I meant not to disturb thee, sweet one. All was a mere passing whim of mine. Pardon me. Now go to sleep. Good-night."

"But—Sir Edward—"

"Not now."

He was gone; and Lorinda's first impulse was to follow him. But she hesitated until it was too late, and then she lay back upon her pillow, and prayed to God for the fleeting man. Then she slept.

In the morning Lorinda Verbrook was aroused from an uneasy, dreamy repose by the sound of voices near her chamber, the tones of which gave her with the impression that something had gone wrong. As quickly as possible she threw on her dressing-gown, and was about to enter the hall she met Owen Murdock and Jake Bissell, the latter of whom was in charge of Cheswold, having served in those same stables for over twenty years.

"Ah, here is my Lady Lorinda," said Owen, with much deference. "This may give us some information. How is it—do you know anything of Sir Edward?"

"Of Sir Edward?" repeated the maiden, in alarm. "What of him? What has happened?"

"He has gone away, and no one knows where."

"But when—when did he go?"

"That is what we ask. We only know that he is gone. Did you not see him last night?"

"Yes; and he told me then that he was going on a journey; but he is his stall, I went O, there must be something wrong! How is it, Jake? Did you see him leave?"

"No," replied the groom, upon whose mind the fear of danger to his beloved master was working deeply. "I know nothing of it until this morning. When I went out I found the stable open, and old Hunter standing in the middle of the floor, saddled and bridled, and covered with sweat. One of the girths was broken, and the saddle was loose and askance. As soon as I had secured him in his stall, I went to find Sir Edward, to see if he had been using the horse; but no Sir Edward could I find. We have looked everywhere, and he is not here."

"O!" groaned Lorinda, wringing her hands in agony, "he is not himself! He has gone off in the dark! Find him—find him!"

"How was he when you saw him last night?" asked Owen.

"He acted strangely," replied the stricken girl. "He talked in a way whose meaning I know not."

I thought so," responded the brother-in-law, shaking his head. "He has appeared to me to be unsettled ever since he returned from London; but more especially has this been the case since the night on which we supposed you were lost."

Lorinda was fairly beside herself with grief and alarm; but she had presence of mind enough to suggest that search should be at once made.

The men were just moving in that direction, said Owen; "but we wished to see you first. If he is in the country, we will find him. So rest easy, dear lady, and trust in Heaven. Gerald is already in the saddle, and we will soon follow his example."

"Let none one hasten to Farworth, and turn out the people there," said Lorinda. "They can help in the search."

"I shall go that way," returned Luke.

"Then go at once," urged the anxious girl. "O, find him, and bring him back."

"We will," said Owen.

And then Lorinda went out, and saw the men off, after which she went up to the library, to see if her guardian had left any writing there which might afford a clue to his whereabouts; but she could find nothing of the kind. His books and papers were all put away, and everything arranged in order. The desks and cabinets were locked; the fire-board put up; and the blind closed over the casements. It was plain enough that he had prepared that apart ment for being left alone. Her next movement was to Sir Edward's sleeping chamber, where she found things arranged the same as in the library. The bed had not been touched during the night, and the wardrobe was closed and locked. Then finding no key about, she went out into the park, partly for the fresh air, and partly that she might be at hand to receive the first tidings that should come of her guardian.

The morning sunbeam got but wicked several times up and down the broad carriage way, before, on account of time, when she saw horsemen approaching the gate. She recognized Luke Bissell among the number, and being assured that he would not have returned at this time without some intelligence, she hastened forward with a wildly beating heart. She stopped, however, ere she had gone far, for she saw that the men were approaching the house by no other and more direct path; and she also saw that they bore something in their midst which helpless man; so she turned, and hastened back by the way she had come, and met Luke at the steps of the porch. They had found her guardian—he was alive—he might recover—but she had better not speak to him then. And they bore him up to his chamber, and placed him upon his bed. When the groom came out, Lorinda met him in the hall, and her properties, her scorching look told all she would ask.

"Wait a moment, lady," he said, "and I will return. He has asked for Dr. Willet, and I will go after him, with the swiftest horse. Will where you are till I come back."

He did will, and one may Luke rejoined her.

"I have sent William off; and if he finds the doctor at home, he will be here in an hour at the furthest. And now, touching this and to say, you must be very cautious."

"O—you don't know how anxious! What is it, Luke? Where did you find him, and how?"

"I found him, lady, by the side of the road, in the deepest part of the vale. You know where the high cliff of rock is?"

"Yes."

He did it was right there. He was prostrate when I found him; and must have been thrown from his horse with considerable violence. He may have crawled a short distance from the place where he fell, but not far. He has spoken to me but twice since I found him. He wanted to be brought to Cheswold, and then he spoke the name of Doctor Adam Willet. Still I hope he isn't badly hurt—there is no serious bones about him that I can find; though I think he may have got a bad blow upon the head. Old Hunter hasn't been exercised much of late, and he is getting mettlesome."

"Poor, dear Sir Edward! O, I must see him, Luke."

"Wait, lady, and I will go to. They were undressing him when I left them."

By and by the servants came out, and presently Luke Bissell came and touched Lorinda upon the shoulder.

"Sir Edward has revived and spoken."

"O—thank God!"

He whispered your name. So come. Step softly—he is very weak. Your presence may cheer him."

CHAPTER XI.

WHO VISITED THE SICK CHAMBER.

Lorinda stepped very softly, but yet the sound of her foot upon the oaken floor was sufficient to attract the hermit's attention; or it may have been the result of some sympathetic impression. At all events, he turned his head upon his pillow, and raised his right hand towards her, and there was a smile upon his face, as though he was glad to see her. He was pale and wan, with a sort of fainting, faded light in his eye, and an unusual prominence of the larger veins upon his brow. The sudden sank down upon a chair by his bedside, and leaned her head over towards his cheek; but before a word had been spoken Luke Bissell came in again, in company with one of the female servants, who brought some wine. The would evidently a generous draught, and in a very few minutes the effect was visible in a warmer glow of the face, and an easier breathing. As soon as Luke and his companion had withdrawn, Lorinda moved again to the bedside, and laid her cheek upon her guardian's pillow.

"O," she murmured, winding her arm gently about him, "you are not much hurt? You will not suffer! There is no danger?"

"Don't be alarmed, darling," he returned, speaking in a low tone, but yet audibly. "I shall soon get over this. It was but a fall from my horse."

"And was it not in the same place where you fell before?"

"Before?—fell?"

"Where you fell on that night when the two smugglers came with you to Farworth," explained Lorinda.

"Ah—yes—I remember. Aye—twas upon the same spot. But this was a different fall, darling. Then, if help had not come, I should have been killed on the spot; but this time I was thrown clear from the saddle. Still, it was a bad fall—a dangerous one."

"Dear guardian," and she drew closer to him as she spoke, "why did you go away as such a time?"

"Ah, sweet one, you would not understand me if I should tell you; and perhaps I could not explain in if I tried. I was going on a journey."

"But not alone?"

"Yes—all alone. I had no need of company."

"O, you should not have done that. Will you not grant me to go? Come—let me share your sorrows and your trials. You need some friend in whom you may and trust; you can safely confide; and where, where on earth will you find one more true than your own ward?"

"Hush, my child. Don't speak any more like that. Let us talk of something else."

Lorinda saw that her guardian was being worried by her solicitous to that subject, and she readily turned to something more agreeable. It still resolved, however, that she would pursue it at some future time, when she was better assured that he would not have returned at this time without some intelligence, she hastened forward with a wildly beating heart. She stopped, however, ere she had gone far, for she saw that the men were approaching the house by no other and more direct path; and she also saw that they bore something in their midst which helpless man; so she turned, and hastened back by the way she had come, and met Luke at the steps of the porch. They had found her guardian—he was alive—he might recover—but she had better not speak to him then. And they bore him up to his chamber, and placed him upon his bed. When the groom came out, Lorinda met him in the hall, and her properties, her scorching look told all she would ask.

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"I found him, lady, by the side of the road, in the deepest part of the vale. You know where the high cliff of rock is?"

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He fell—it was right there. He was prostrate when I found him; and must have been thrown from his horse with considerable violence. He may have crawled a short distance from the place where he fell, but not far. He has spoken to me but twice since I found him. He wanted to be brought to Cheswold, and then he spoke

seen in some of his wanderings in foreign places."

Somehow or other Lorinda was not wholly satisfied with this. Not only had Harry refused of the matter, but she had heard the gate-keeper express the same wonder. And then she thought that her guardian seemed anxious to turn it off with as little consideration as possible. But she would not press it further, since it evidently was not an agreeable theme to him. Inwardly, so she took up the thread of remark where it had been dropped previous to her interruption, and went on to admit that fate did seem to link them strangely with the stranger. And she probably thought more than she spoke, if one might judge from the quizzical beaming of her bosom, and from the color which came and went upon her face when something struck on to her experience with the bold outlaws.

The Colonel seemed to love the sound of his fair ward's voice, and when he spoke, his own voice was free and even, but still his ideas were not wholly clear. After the lapse of some time, therefore his thoughts were inclined to waver, and it was finally evident that his mind was not yet strong. Lorinda was sadly meditating upon this development, with one of his hands clasped in hers, when Doctor Willet was announced.

"Is it Adam Willet?" asked the invalid, starting to his elbow.

"Yes, sir," replied Luke, who had come with the message.

"Then let him come in. I am glad he has answered my call."

In a few moments the doctor was introduced. He was a tall, grey-haired man, with a kindly face, and had been Sir Edward's warm friend from boyhood. He greeted the lady Lorinda first, and then turned to his patient.

"How is this, Sir Edward?" he asked, with a pleasant smile. "You are growing clumsy in your old age."

"Clumsy and reckless, perhaps," replied the baronet. "But never mind that. I fear I am somewhat hurt."

"Well, well, we'll soon ascertain about that." At this point Lorinda asked if she could be of any assistance. The doctor requested her to be patient, and the latter shook his head, as she rose from her chair. In his full age and vigor, Murdock, who was anxious to know how fared it with his brother-in-law. She told him just as she thought it was. She hoped there was no danger.

And so hoped Owen, or, at least, he said so, and appeared to speak sincerely. But he was in a calamity, and he should suffer with anxiety until he was fully assured that Sir Edward was out of danger.

While they were talking Gerald came up, and him, also, Lorinda told how her guardian was faring. She did not wish to hear his remarks, but was away by herself, for she thought they could bear the report of the doctor.

In due consideration, Owen and his son replied to one of their own sparineers, where they discovered the matter to differ from them. As for the present result was concerned they did not appear to be very anxious. If Sir Edward died, it would be all very well, and if he lived, they would make the best of it, but what mattered them most was, to understand why he had gone out in such a strange way.

"It is not simple medicines," said Owen. "He did not take this journey because he had nothing else to do, nor yet from the mere whim of a wandering mind. There is something behind all this. You say he did not speak upon going his late visit to London?"

"He did not. I saw nothing of him," replied Gerald.

"And for the reason," resumed the parent, "that he was in London only to pass through it. I'm not inclined to make any great stir in it."

"Then what do you believe, governor?"

"Ah, I know the city, boy, and I don't know what to believe. All is, I am sorry he met with this accident."

"But," suggested Gerald, "suppose it should prove fatal?"

"Even then I should be sorry. I am satisfied that he never would pay for the trouble of even making a journey, and I am furthermore satisfied that he had journeyed to look an object of vital moment. Had he gone safely on I should now have been upon his track, for, when I found him gone this morning, I should have followed him. I would have found him at some rate, and then I would have long upon his track. But I had probed his secret."

"What in the world do you mean, governor? What is this secret?"

"There is where you have me, Gerald. I am wholly in the dark. I only know what I feel. I have a sort of intuitive perception that Sir Edward is up to some game. I can read it in his look, and in his manner, and in his movements, and if I knew what it was, I might thwart it. Upon my soul, I am sorry he has met with this misfortune him, but now we must wait for further developments. While he is sick we can not use our case, that is, if he does not get so sick as to send for his lawyer, and, in view of that event, we must use every means in our power to keep upon the right side of him."

And then, for the time, the consultation of the father and son ended.

Doctor Willet was a long time with the baronet—more than an hour—but he came forth at length, and the anxious, waiting girl met him in the hall.

How was it?

The doctor shook his head.

"I don't know what to tell you," he said. "I don't want to frighten you, nor, on the other hand, would I raise your expectations too high. Sir Edward is badly injured, but how dangerous it may prove I cannot say. Fortunately no bones seem to be seen; the shock has been deeper and more diffusive. The blow upon the head may be serious, but he received a worse one in the region of the heart. I shall see him again to-morrow, and then I may be able to judge more surely."

Owen and Gerald also saw the doctor, and to them he gave the same account.

Lorinda spent the remainder of the day with the sick man, but he remained in a state bordering inclined to sleep most of the time. Gerald came and spent a few hours, and the evening hours with him, making himself as agreeable and useful as possible, but the night Luke Rissell was the chosen watcher, the baronet having a real objection to the kindly old groom.

In the morning Sir Edward seemed lower in spirits, though no new symptoms of physical weakness had appeared. Towards noon the doctor came, and spoke another favorable word.

How was it now?

"His case is a peculiar one," Willet said, with another shake of the head. "There is no laceratory, but no hemorrhage that I can detect. I am afraid of some morbid action within which is the work in the dark."

However, they must wait. He should visit the patient every day, and do all in his power to reach the seat of the difficulty.

Lorinda spent most of the day with the sufferer, Owen and Gerald dropping in occasionally to see him, and speak such words of cheer as they deemed fitting to the occasion. At night Luke took his post again, and the lady Lorinda, when she left the sick chamber, threw on her shawl and walked out into the park. The air was soft and balmy, and as the moon was near its full, and the heavens clear, the scene and the season were inviting and soothing. As she was past ten o'clock when the maiden finally concluded that she had walked enough, and she pursued her way back towards the house, she took the path that led up from the ancient garden gate. She was walking slowly on, with her head partially bowed, when she was startled by a shadow across the path, and on looking up, she beheld a man standing directly before her. A quick cry escaped her lips, but she did not faint, for as the tones of the intruder's voice fell upon her ear, she at the same time recognized the individual. It was Ned Warwick, and the flowing beard, gleaming like threads of silver in the moon's moonlight, she had seen once before.

"Sweet lady, be not alarmed, for surely he would be a villain indeed who could harm such as thee. Dost not know me?"

"Art not Silverthorne, sir?"

"Yea, lady, and I have just arrived at Chester. I heard that the master had met with an accident."

"So he has, sir."

"Is it serious?"

Lorinda told him how it had happened, and what opinion the doctor had given.

"I am sorry for it," the old man said,—"I am very sorry; for Sir Edward Stanton has been a firm, true friend to me. I owe to him—to him, I wonder if it would disturb him much to see me just now?"

"O, good sir—that cannot be," cried Lorinda. "It will injure him, and he is very ill."

"Nay, lady. If I see him at all, it must be to-night. Where is he?"

"He is in his chamber."

"He has an attendant?"

"Yes."

"Then will you not go and gently arouse the attendant, and tell him that I am here? Tell Sir Edward his business, to will see me at once. You can do this, lady, and then the sick man's door will call the attendant, if he be a faithful one."

After a little reflection Lorinda said she was willing to do as he requested.

"Then hasten on, and do the errand, and I will wait here for your return."

Without further question the maiden went to the house upon the strange mission, and she went the more readily because, from what she had heard her guardian say, she was satisfied that there was some important matter pending between him and the old-fashioned old man. She stepped softly as she approached the sick chamber, and having listened a moment at the door, gave a light rap. Luke Rissell opened the portal, and to him she delivered her errand. He looked at her in surprise, but made no reply, and he said that Silverthorne might come up.

And how was Sir Edward now?

He seemed to be very comfortable. He had rested well, and was very cheerful.

With this cheering word Lorinda turned from the place, and, as she passed out of the house, she found Silverthorne sitting upon one of the horse-blocks. He arose as she came up, and the messenger approached, and as the moonbeams fell full upon his face, she saw that the mustache which had before been hidden by the shadow of his hat, it was white. Her curiosity was at full brow, and of the sweep of the upper parts of the cheeks and temples formed none. She suspected as she saw it, and seemed lost for the moment in surprise.

"What is the matter?"

His voice recalled her, and she told him that he might go up.

"I thought so," he said, as he moved along by her side. "I did not think that Sir Edward could be so ill. I love him very much; and I am sure he loves me in return. He was knighted, I shall come to live near you; and I hope that you and I will be friends."

The old man had spoken slowly, and at intervals, seeming to pause after the utterance of certain words of the same sentence; so that they had almost reached the upper entrance to the garden. Lorinda hardly had time to tell him that she was pleased to see him, and to assure him of a friend to her guardian, when they reached the door of the house, and the maiden left the servant at the visitor in, and when he had gone, she went away to her own room.

And now the fair mistress of Farworth was puzzled as she puzzled smuggler and the gate-keeper had been before her. She could not for the life of her tell what she full adieu upon her pillow; and then, after a while, she fell asleep in the sermost figure of most wonderful phantasies.

CHAPTER XII.

A DEPARTURE AND AN ARRIVAL.

For several days there seemed to be but little change in the condition of Sir Edward Stanton. Lorinda was with him a great deal, and Owen and Owen Murdock and his son were very attentive, and expressed a deep interest in the welfare of the Farworth touchiest again upon the subject of the old bank-robber, and was eager to know if he was what seemed him that impressed her so wonderously.

"But," she added, "I do not suppose he is, and, indeed, I know there is something; for it is not possible that I could be deceived. He was known to me in the park; I walked with him some distance, and I know he is a stranger to me. He is a man of strength and dependence, that he could not, in the world, be so much engrossed in the cares of mine."

Lorinda asked no more. She knew that Silverthorne came two or three times to Cheswold, after she met him in the park; but she did not chance to see him. Luke Rissell told her that he had been introduced to Sir Edward's chamber, and the baronet were private, and seemed to be of very important.

Doctor Willet came every day; and though he gave no decided opinion touching the result of the case, yet his manner was not in favor of the manners, and gazed tenderly down into the tearful face.

"I cannot help it, Ellen."

"But you know that Edward been away before? Surely there is no need of mourning now."

"Ah," replied Lorinda, in a tone so full of melancholy that her attendant was moved even to tears, "it is not because he is gone that I mourn, but because I could never see him again!"

"Never see him again! O, lady, you do not mean that!"

"I do mean it, Ellen, for it is thus fixed in my mind. Ever since Sir Edward talked of going to London this terrible isolation has been upon me; and I can no more shake it off than I can rid myself of the knowledge that I live."

"Dear lady, do not feel so. There is no need of it. Sir Edward will reach London in safety; and he will there be well cared for. Wait until you hear from him."

"I shall wait in vain," said the maiden, with a sad, plaintive look. "It will take ten days, at least, for them to reach the metropolis."

"But," urged Ellen, "view the matter in the road. Doctor Willet will be sure to send you word from Manchester, and from Litchfield, and from Northampton. O, wait until you hear from him."

And the affectionate girl threw her arms about her neck, and tried by all the means in her power to soothe and comfort her. But it was all unavailing, and when Sir Edward returned her embrace with a smile, and promised to write to her, she left the child.

On the second day after the baronet's departure, Lord Silverthorne presented himself at the manor-house, and asked for the keys of the out and shop which had been deeded to him. The steward had them, and he gave them up without a word of question, as he knew that the applicant was legally entitled to them. When Lorinda knew that the old man had come, she called to her maid, and the two went down to the out, where they found the retired occupant busily engaged in arranging things for his comfort and convenience. He greeted his fair visitors kindly and politely, and seemed to be in his usual spirits from his leisure.

"I thought have inquired for you, my lady," he said, after he had taken a seat, himself, "but I feared I should see you during the day, as I would not disturb you. I saw Sir Edward at Burton, and he wished me to tell you that he was well and hopeful; and that he should stand his journey bravely."

"You saw him?" cried Lorinda, eagerly. "Yes."

"And what think you? Was he well. Was he gain in spirits, and was he cheerful?"

"Really," returned Silverthorne, with some hesitation, "I am not prepared to say as to that. Yet, from what I saw and heard, I should judge that he was. He was not in bed, and he sent his best wishes to you."

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"Then he was not very ill?"

"I should have implied

THE DOVE AND THE ANGEL.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

The moon and stars were in heaven;
She heard by the listless sound,
And a pet dove, white as a lily,
Flew out of the night with a moan.
And nestled down close to her bosom,
To hide from the wound in its side.

Tears rained on the snow of its plumage,
Tears mixed on the golden vermilion;
"Ah, beautiful, tenderest darling!"
She murmured, "my love will be true.
Only I have no bosom to fly to,
My love, as you fly to mine."

The south-moon dropped under the shadow,
Yet she stayed to caress and weep,
Till—what was the wonderful Presence,
So quiet and holy and deep,
That stole they the dreams of the roses,
Till they shook out their memories in sleep?

Ah, an Angel that once was a mortal,
Free out of the pitiful universe,
Answered the cries from the darkness
That rose to her love with a moan,
She nestled down close in his bosom,
And left down the wound in her own.

WHY NELLY LOST HER LOVER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

It was noticed among the friends of George Lane, that, for some cause unknown to them, a sister had failed on his thoughts. The reason was inferred, and correctly. Arrested from a pair of bright eyes had wounded him, and the pain found no abatement night nor day. Was the maiden coy or unkind? No—the maiden was familiar and tender. There was kindling in the eyes that shot forth arrows.

And the pain found no abatement night nor day? Never. George Lane was not blind, even ready to risk all consequences in pursuit of an object; but a sensible young man was to consider the cost. And now he was counting up the cost. This was the result of his trouble. Love is sweet, but life is a thing of sober earnest; and to divert the love and the life together, and taking things as they were, he could not see how love was to survive separation and absence.

An intimate friend, holding him by the hand one day, said:

"George, my dear fellow! what has come over you? I don't believe you have smiled for a month. Are you in love?"

"Yes," was the frank reply.

Aha! A sickness of the mind. Well, I'm glad to know that it's nothing more serious. Love wounds to heal. It is the life-blood."

Ken transfers throbs through every vein.

It is also true that we never feel love as we feel a pain."

"There is no sweetness in my case," said the young man. "The pain is sharp; and there was no medicine in the nerve-probing to Nelly."

"What then? Are her parents unwilling?"

"I have never asked them."

"You are a strange lover, to look so woe-begone. Won't rein the treasure?"

"There is much beyond love," said Lane. "So, sir!"

"Marriage and the cost of living."

"True. But you have a good salary. Has the young lady nothing?"

"She has a father who is doing an excellent business; but the family is large, the expense which must cover all, if not more than all the profits."

"Who is the young lady? I will not betray your confidence."

"The youngest daughter of Abraham West."

"Handsome merchant?"

"The same."

"I know her, and a sweet girl she is. Nelly West. Why, George, she's the very one for you. And you have found favor in her eyes! I congratulate you."

"You might, then," was the somber-faced reply of Lane, "for I am not without enough to bare my neck to the bolter of matrimony, if the act is to lead me to a perpetual separation."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply, that the manner in which Mr. West has raised his daughters, unfits them for the position of wives to young men of expectations. They have the education, the tastes and the accomplishments we desire and prize; but their habits and expectations are fatal devices for any poor young man to accept. They have no fortune to bring their husbands, and yet must be supported in comparative elegance. The idea of useful employment does not seem to have entered their minds. Work, in their view, involves something of degradation. Ah, well! I must dismiss a fond illusion, that was sweet while it lasted. I shall go no further in this unsafe direction. Some other young gentleman, inclined to count the cost, must win consent from a heart it would be a life-long happiness to call my own."

"Nonsense, George," replied the friend. "If the young lady really loves you, she will not set herself to your circumstances. Nelly is a charming girl. Press your suit, and after gaining her consent, talk over life's sober realities with her. She has sense and right feeling, and will readily comprehend how much of happiness is involved in your prudential ideas. A woman who loves a man well enough to marry him, will cheerfully accommodate herself to his circumstances."

"Accommodate!" said the young man, curling his lip. "I don't like that word. It hurts my pride."

"Pride is never a good counsellor, George."

"My manhood, then. It hurts my manhood. A young woman, without a dollar in her own, to accommodate herself to the circumstances of a young man whose income is twelve hundred a year! You can't overlook the absurdity of the case that plea. My pride, manliness, self-love, or self-esteem or you will—throw down, and be submission. No, no—George Lane has independences as well as prudence, and thinks their counsels worth heeding."

"While I think," answered the friend, "that George Lane is a little too high strung for the case under consideration, I am glad he is very well, and think her a sensible girl. True, the way in which her parents have conducted her home education is not favorable to just views in life. But love is clear-sighted and strong-hearted. Take her out of her present false relation to society, and she will rise nobly. Love is a good wife in every respect."

"No, sir," was the answer. "Even as I talk with you, and listen to what you say, I grow more cautious in my purpose to recede from a dangerous position. If Nelly was alone in the world, I might act differently. But look at the case as it stands, and see what risks are involved. There are two older sisters, both married; and their husbands' noses, to use a homely phrase, are well down upon the grindstone, and likely to remain there. Already both have gone through the ordeal of a failure in business; and no wonder, for, not being able, as clerks, to maintain the domestic establishments they were foolish enough to set up in imitation of other people as silly as themselves, they must have stores of their own, from the luxuries of which to draw more liberal supplies. And they grow, and draw, with such unscrupulous zeal, that more than all the profit was consumed in costly living. Some low or other, in their break down, must be plunged in keep-kind fire furniture and houses, and still live before the world in the same mock-a-nineteen extravagance. Both are clerks again; but how they manage to keep up appearances as they do, passes my comprehension. I have met their wives a few times at Mr. West's, and they hold their heads as high as queens. I am nobody in their estimation; I'm lowly, lowly, lowly, and other showy things they flaunt in people's eyes are so thoroughly changed and transformed in their husbands have actually put on fifteen cent more than a third of my purse's misery."

"But you have nothing to do with these ladies," interposed the friend.

"True, and I don't mean to have anything to do with them. But the case would have another bearing were Nelly to leave. I should have their bad influence operating on my wife. She must have as early outfitting as they. She must have as fine a house to live in, and as fine furniture to adorn it. My friends, you see, I must come down to the grindstone, like the noses of their unfortunate husbands. I've gone over the matter twenty times, or more, and can see is no difference. It won't do, and there is no use in trying to harmonize things that are utterly incongruous. Take another view. Suppose Nelly came into my view of things, and turned herself away from all these temptations. Suppose we, like sensible people, lived below our income, and set ourselves to work providing for a time when expenses would be greater. I would gladden her accompanying me in this course, perhaps, and rise into a position of some influence in the way of money matters. Would love consent to be raised, or written down as a miser and a churl by the fashionable world? Would the extension principle, just making both ends meet, as I term it, be a source of happiness now and then. He his friend once in his life, and may fail again. Would love survive, in such instance, a slight increase of force snaps the chain of affection? Would love, in short, prove itself to be all right, son-in-law must go to the rescue, and so on, and so on. I've thought of this. I've counted the cost, and think it too great. I'm unwilling to risk the whole happiness of life on one cast."

The morning business made it necessary for me to ride to Framington, the county town of Washington, where I was a witness in the court. It was a matter of doubt whether the murder would be tried in the jurisdiction of the courts of Mississippi, or of those of the State of Louisiana; and the prisoner's counsel, in his plaintiff, would plead this question of venue in bar of trial.

The body of the murdered man was found on the western side of the State of Mississippi, at some distance from it, and consequently within the jurisdiction of the State of Mississippi. It could be testified to, by both my friend and myself, that the body was found on the ground by us, thoroughly searched, as we supposed, and no evidence of the person's death of the deed was then detected, by which the venue could be established. In consequence of this it was the opinion of the guilty man and his counsellors of the law.

From the discovery of the murder, I had not had occasion to pass over the road where it had been perpetrated, between Framington, Louisiana, as Frankfuton, through the kindness of a friend; but in the few days previous to that on the 17th of Novius, I found it necessary to visit that locality on business.

I started from my friend's plantation in company with several gentlemen of the neighborhood, as they we formed quite a company of travelers. It was a fine, cool, fresh morning, and the beautiful bay, which had been the property of my murdered friend; and it was on this occasion that the extraordinary intelligence of the animal led to the complete elucidation of the mystery of his murder.

When we reached the vicinity where the body had been found sixteen months before, I began to exhibit the same symptoms of alarm and terror that I had shown on occasion, as I at the court-house square, notwithstanding the fact that I was unconscious of having done whatever or fear. We had passed the spot where the body had been found, and I had observed, when the horse, in spite of my guidance, and the efforts of my friend, turned off from the road, forcing his way through the grape vines and undergrowth, which, around the roots of a large sweet-gum, when he stopped, and exhibited the most violent signs of excessive agitation.

The gentlemen, as well as myself, having all confidence in the remarkable intelligence of the beautiful creature, we buried ourselves in exploring the undergrowth, convinced that it was the very scene of the killing of his master.

In a few minutes the most decisive symptoms soon picked up a large, peculiarly shaped bowie knife, which, from the circumstances, I knew to several as having been in the possession of Bill Novius. It was covered with blood, which, lying on the roots of the tree were found tangled together pieces of a color corresponding with that of the deceased.

The knife was identified, not only to prove the guilt of the prisoner, but also established the fact that the stabbing of his throat with the cordings in the case in strict accordance with the wound discovered upon the body.

On the morning of the trial, I visited the prisoner in his cell, and stated the recent facts that had been elicited against him, and conjured him, if he was really guilty, to confess the fact to me, and no longer attempt to stand out against the strong array of testimony that would be brought to bear.

As I have said before, the man was not a professional murderer, this, doubtless, being the first crime he had ever been tempted to commit. His confession was as follows: Having left Washington, he proceeded to the State line rented to the plantation. Meeting his victim, to whom he was well known, by the roadside, he formed the acquaintance by which he induced him to enter the thicket by the sweet-gum, where the bloody deed was consummated; and the robbery committed, he dragged the body to the spot where it was found by the dogs and myself.

Thus it was, that a noble and affectionate animal, with a wonderful intelligence, was only pointed out the murderer of his master, but the very spot where the terrible crime had been committed, thus being the instrument, in the hands of Providence, of retributive justice.

Inattention to the present business, be it what it will; the doing one thing, and thinking at the same time of another, or the attempting to do two things at once, are the never-failing signs of a little, frivolous mind.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Man is a social being: unselfish society is the harmony of humanity; loving fatherhood is the music of life, the music which fills the atmosphere with the sweetest passions and purity cause; and song is the voice in which that music breaks.

As some planets of the blackest rock have the whitest and greenest blooms, so the bitterest men has the sweetest sentences, which, indeed, is only the natural reaction back to its better nature.

The heart seldom grows better by age. A young man's sympathies are all on a young heart's side.

In the morning we carry the world like Atlas; at noon we stagger and bend beneath it; and at night it crushes us to the earth.

When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in the family our temper; in company, our tongues.

The half of society cannot be happy unless all the other is wretched. One side of your face can't smile while the other is pleading.

If the love of money is, as St. Paul calls it, the root of all evil, its possession is often the trunk and branches.

If you have to borrow money, even when you happen to want to borrow.

If you think you can't, you are incapacitated with regard woman, and you will soon find yourself short of money.

Man is naturally a fighting animal. The child can make a fist the moment he is born.

Once the head of a bad old man white hairs are a crown of glory.

When you sign your name as endorser of an earthly neighbor's note, it is to be paid.

Love is like vaccinating; there's also arrest its perpetrators are catching.

Love is a sweet and tight-lacing are the world's three great fool-killers.

The only consolation that we bear with the greatest Christian resignation are those of other people.

Love is like a mosquito—it is a pest and lovely—by woman in His Re-angel.

Autumn is a season, like the autumn leaves, should delight in the approach of Death.

Love is sometimes like a fever—grows at the ment—greatest at the mouth.

Love is often painted by artists are invariably drawn inside.

Love is not forgives, but I cannot forget," is only another way of saying I will not forgive.

Love is a passion that makes a man away from his home is a matter to the household.

The first law of true morality is, *educate yourself*; the first law of true religion is, *love others as you are*.

It is as great a point, and requires quite as much effort to keep down as to keep heaven.

Those who stare at first to think for themselves, will in the end make the best thinkers.

Perfect happiness is like the statue of Jain, which was made without arms.

Mothers! mourn not that your gems fill your bosom with a melting pain.

Those who fish for compliments, generally get bites.

What man wants—all he can get. What woman wants—all she can get.

Forgive yourself everything, and others will forgive you nothing.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A Member in California, who was riding home from a late party, where he had been to see what he thought he would make a short cut through a wood crossed by a cattle path. He was riding along in the forest, when he was startled by a crash and a growl, and found himself in the midst of a grizzly bear and cubs. Him. His horse being a slow one, he leaped from it and fled to the nearest tree, and climbed it with all the fear catch and devour his poor beast, after which the bear ascended the tree, and, after some discussion with him, executed a bit of pedestrianism towards home which he was not long in accomplishing.

A Gem attempted to jump into the Delaware at Easton, Pa., the night of the night of the ice, and was discovered by the police, but identities was frustrated. He was asked his name, and he said it was "Ice." He was asked where he lived, and he said "Ice." They of course denied her prayer, and the next morning she was found in a state of dissolution, and then she was discharged in a more contented frame of mind.

In a bar-room in Hartford, one night not long since, a dispute arose, which was about to terminate as was requested to leave, and as he refused to do so, an effort was made to put him out, in fought against the ejectment, and was finally fired at, and wounded so severely that the ball was extracted from his body before he be separated.

The Duchess of Women in Avenue B got into a quarrel one evening recently, and one of them at last struck the other a violent blow in the face with a pair of tongs, which caused the blood to flow from the nose of her sharp-tempered opponent, sending her fleeting. The assailant was arrested by Officer Sir Hoagie, and her inhuman antagonist was taken to the Station-House.

A man was arrested in Lawrenceville, Pa., one day recently, for making an infernal machine for the purpose of blowing up his wife; and the robbery was a failure, and so his being arrested he confessed the crime.

A colored man in Hartford recently from eating the phenomenon on the ends of muskets.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1863.

THE CLUBS OF THE NEWSMEN AND UNPARALLELED CIRCULA-TION.—We have received numerous letters from newsmen asking for papers and remittances, and in order to save time and a single postage, there is need by any one other literary paper in the world. We have no club rates, and no traveling agents, and have no intention of any such change.

WE ALWAYS SEND the LEDGER on the cancellation of the year, or the time for which it is paid, or until it has made up its account with it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any person pretends to act as such, do not pay him a dollar, as it will be lost.

WE CHANGE direct the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us the former, as well as his present address.

RESPONSIBLE NEWSPAPERS.—We will not receive regular advertisements.

OUR ONLY TERMS.—Single copies, $3 per annum; two copies, $5; four copies, $8; eight copies, $15. Postmasters and others who get up clubs are allowed eight copies for $15.00. The party who sends us $15 for a club of eight copies, and sends a ninth name, will be entitled to a copy free. Terms, invariably in advance. Subscriptions may commence with any number. Canada subscribers must send seventy-five cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage which we are obliged to remit to the Province. The cash must be sent with the names in all cases. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it should be sent, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail. We employ no travelling agents.

THOSE LONG OVERCOATS.

Where did they come from? Who invented them? From the council-chamber of what nation was issued the decree, Let the overcoats of mankind be worn to the heels? And under what influence of what spell do considerable numbers of young men consent to disfigure themselves by obeying the mandate?

To these people fashion is an inscrutable mystery. They wonder at its vagaries, they comply with its behests, and knowing whence they come, nor why they come. All at once, coats appear in the streets that are longer than the dresses of the ladies that sweep the ground. All at once, garments of every description are observed to lengthen, or shorten, or tighten, or expand. The tailors are all in the secret. The most steady going gentleman who chances to come in contact with these periods of change, expecting this his new coat will not look ridiculous from chance to which he is accustomed, discovers upon trying on the new acquisition, that he is no longer the man he was, and regards the transformation with dismay and horror. He groans, he writes. He is told that all coats are now made so, and he gradually submits, and relieves his wife his coat-tail between his legs.

Persistence is held enough to hint to the tailor-tyrant that a coat ought to be designed to please the wearer. The tailor replies: "I am my dear sir, consider my reputation; what would be thought of me, if I permitted you to wear a single garment to issue from my establishment?" This is evident. What man can unfeelingly endure a fellow-citizen to bring disgrace upon an honorable tailor, merely that he might have a coat that he liked?

The tailors are forever the starting champions of fashion in the manner following: Anything with regard to costume, may be divided into two classes: dress, those who wish to dress as other people do; these follow the fashion. Second, those who are resolved not to dress as other people do; these set the fashion. The first class comprises nine-tenths of all who wear clothes; the second class are the rich and dainty few, whose highest flight of ambition is to dress in as many particulars as possible from the rest of the human race.

Well, the head tailor of this latter class, at Paris, London or New York, starts a new coat. It may be elegant and comfortable; it maybe ugly and inconvenient; it is no matter, the coat at once be consequently *different* from the coats then prevailing. The sympathies adopt the garment at once. The fashion-plates take it up. The tailors declare it "the fashion," and proceed to make all their coats after the new pattern. It is their interest to do this, since it tempts a large number of well-disposed persons to throw aside their old coats before they are half worn out, and the more unfortunate they wear coat differs from the old ones, the more powerful is this temptation. If you add two feet to a coat tail, and call that the fashion, it makes the previous twenty look decidedly old and countrified.

It is also to be observed of these sudden and extreme changes, that they are apt to be introduced just after the majority of people have bought new clothes of the old fashion. The advantages of the manoeuvre are numerous. It gives the peculiarity a longer reign as a peculiarity; it gives the tailors a sharp sweep of many of the old stock, and lures many a young fool to invest a portion of his quarter's salary in the new pattern, and get two coats during the season instead of one.

In a few months, the new fashion having become universal, it is, for that reason only, abhorred by those for whom it was started. At the right moment the long tails are clipped; shortness is confined to a progressive extreme, and care is taken to make the new coats of such a size that long-legs can manage to get down into the new fashion, as a step-of-the-line is cut down into a frigate. Or, by no means rare. You must have a new coat, or look like a grandfather.

If the learned have hit upon the right explanation of the mysterious movements, we must conclude that fashion is little more than a conspiracy between the dandies and the tailors, the object of which is to induce the weaker portion of mankind to buy new clothes before the old ones are worn out.

AMERICAN CROWDS.

A great crowd—a sea of men surging and swaying as if moved, like the vertiginal boiling, by controlling forces independent of itself, is at once a grand and a humiliating spectacle. It impresses the spectator with a grand idea of the power of man to the aggregate, but is somewhat humbling to individual pride. In all the vast concourses before him he cannot identify a single face—the common expression one face from another; it is on "multitudinizable throng." It is the multitude has something, perhaps, to see and hear some popular idol, and that fact is known to the wounded captains of the lookeroon. Man, the individual, is potent after all, since the many are so closely packed in rank identity is swallowed up, are there to do honor to the one. And when the human mass roars, and a spray of waving arms dashes up from its heaving surface, as the public favorite makes his appearance, the personal consequence of manhood, so wholly lobbied in the mass, seems to be vindicated and re-asserted.

There is a vast difference in crowds. In London a gathering of thirty or forty thousand people is little better than a mob. English crowds are selfish, and sometimes savage and brutal. No human item in the sum total seems to care a jot for anybody's accommodation but his own. Gross proximity and foul vitality are the staples of the many-headed monster's conversation. It is not so here. Our human swarms are courteous, peculiar. They bear, but they don't sting. They are even gallant and chivalric. A case in point occurs to us. On the evening when fifteen thousand dollars' worth of our City Hall was burnt in glorification of the Atlantic Cable, the largest concourse we have ever beheld in the Park assembled there to see the fireworks. In the midst of the dense throng was a woman with a baby in her arms. There was no disturbance, no rudeness, no rough play; due to take their helpless infants into crowds where it seems as if nothing short of a direct interposition of Providence could save them from being killed. But the Americans believe that enterprising chap. When the immense assemblage began to break up, the woman was carried off her feet, and she and her charge were in imminent peril of being crushed down and trampled to death. At this juncture, some fifteen or twenty "roughs" in her immediate vicinity, moved by a common impulse, set their backs against the pressure that threatened her with destruction, and actually managed to keep open a space of four or five feet square, in the centre of which the frightened lady and the maidenless ranged out of the Park into Broadway, and pushed on until she was free. I have seen many other equally creditable instances of the chivalry of the City crowds, and we, for ourselves, have many of our rosiers.

In the year 1848, the era of big cabins, bord ocker, and political mistrality, mass conventions, Free Soil meetings, and other gatherings, were frequently held. On one occasion, over fifty thousand of the then small population of the Empire State met in convention on a common near Utica. They were addressed by several distinguished speakers. During the proceedings, as it was getting on to sundown, the fumes balloons suddenly burst from the heavens in the rain storm, and overwhelmed in acid sheets. It was a deluge. But not a man left his place. No one even attempted to move. The time continued his remarks as calmly as if the sun had been shining, although water poured from him in streams, as from the spouting of a building. Any other than an American crowd would have dispersed instantly. But not one. An army has been beaten back by a tempest not a mile more beaten. Such a crowd as this politic mole light of it.

Of all crowds, the patience, the politeness of our great aggregations of humanity, are due to the fact that they are made up of individuals weighed with nations and children, and subject to go up from Canada to Mexico. When the Astor House was built, the ladies demanded their entrance on a side street, and to these days, few mere fashionable smatterers, mice or bearded, ever dare to intrude. And no doubtless, there are large numbers of cognizers to whom all the people of the City are as much alike as the streets of a foreign city. Cared street itself is a crowd, and a crowd is a street. This tendency of the wholesale business to move higher up the island will unquestionably continue, and the Union Square is its centre, and Broadway shall be its highway. Already, Union Square, Fifth Avenue, from Fourteenth street to the Central Park, will be the grand shopping promenade of the city.

It may seem a pity, that all those Fifth Avenue palaces should have to be built of brown-stone, as their parlors dimensionless, their basements stone by by their wells, and some inches over in the erection; but this change is not to be avoided, nor long deferred. We shall see it, and in a few years, and finished in ten. Indeed, a beginning has been made, and there is already a very good reason for crowding all the business of this city into the space of a mile and a half narrowest, of Manhattan Island. It would not be surprising if Wall street itself should migrate a mile or two up town.

THE BRIGHT SPRING DAYS.

The warm spring days that bring out the green grass blades in the city pavements, and fill Broadway with gaily decked ladies and officials' uniforms, and make the trees in the parks their aisles and under-ground homes, the bare-headed, ragged, dirty urchins, who have been hived in those holes during the winter, begin to feel the stirring of life. To us this mingling of luxury and the extreme of misery, under the soft, blue sky overhead, the bursting buds, the awakening life of the trees, the flowers in hope and joy, only, as it would seem, to meet hence poor children in the fullness of their suffering. Not long since we saw a beautiful woman, dressed in the richest silks, and glittering bracelets, glide gracefully past. A little girl in flattering rags, bare-headed and bare-foot, was sitting on the curb-stone, with her chin in her little scabby hands, looking about her. Suddenly she jumped to her feet, ran after the lady, and, laying her hand upon the rich silk, and seeing silk, said, with the most good-humored confidence, "I want to touch it, to see how soft." The lady smiled, and waited till the child's curiosity was satisfied, and then seemed to be pleased, to her rest on the curb-stone. However great, or however little, the baptism of womanhood comes upon her, that she should so unconsciously and so guilelessly as now, upon those children, and for which so many have bartered body and soul.

PERJURY IN PATENT CASES.

The Commissioner of Patents, and all Judges before whom patent cases are brought, are particularly guarded against perjured testimony. We are satisfied that this has become a matter of particularly frequent occurrence in connection with such cases. Many inventions are now entrenched out of a valuable invention by the files of the patent office, and the only testimony relative to what he knows nothing about, merely because it is what he is interested to have established; or, frequently, to that which he knows to be false. And men of respectable standing in the community, and of reputed wealth, can be found who will stretch conscience points, either in regard to the time when they first saw a machine, or to something about the construction of the machine which carries the whole case. This is downright perjury, but is not universally felt and understood to constitute that crime. As we have already remarked, such testimony should be very closely scrutinized.

THE EMPEROR AND THE FRENCH OPENING THE LEGISLATIVE SESSION.

BY ANNA COKA RITCHIE.

The fourth of February was devoted to the opening of the French parliamentary session by the Emperor in person, at the Palace of the Louvre—one of the most imposing spectacles that can be witnessed in this grand metropolis of the world—and difficult in securing cards of invitation. At least one hundred applications were in her every card that could be issued. Through the courtesy of an American Minister, we were favored with two, and were enabled to be present upon an occasion of singular interest and grandeur. Each card designates in what portion of the palace belonging the possessor is invited to sit.

The Emperor's inaugural address was to be delivered at one, but the doors at the palace were open at eleven. Half an hour before that time, a long file of elegantly attired ladies and gentlemen stretched from the different entrances. This file lengthened every moment, but the orderly arrangements, with police making way for the ladies, were all conducted with perfect quietude in favor of rank, politely insisted upon without causing a spice of fear or fret against its order of their arrival. It was amusing to hear the names of the titles called on between strangers, who chatted with the ease and familiarity customary in a ball room, while French politeness was observed in every instance.

A long line of cavalry extended through the whole court, and along this portion of the streets adjoining, from which the people in carriages, containing the persons permitted to be present at the ceremony, were to alight to approach—no other carriages were allowed to pass that way. We had taken up our position in the file, among the first admitted. After traversing several passages, we found ourselves in the ascending a broad stone stair, we reached the top of the building, and entered a spacious hall, or rather, were allowed to choose them within the limits assigned us by the possessors of the cards.

Over the centre of the hall, on the right of the throne, were places reserved for the members of the Senate, in their official costume. Directly Body. Fauce for members of the Imperial Family, and the Court. Then great officers of State, Cardinals, Archbishops, Ambassadors of the Privy Council, Members of the Corps Legislatif, and the Prefect of the Department and the Senators. Beyond the Senators to the left, the seats were filled with the general dignitaries of various ranks. The portion of the Hall immediately in front of the throne, was allotted to the ladies connected with the Royal Family and Imperial household, and the portion nearest to the throne on the left was filled by the wives of the Senators and Corps Legislatif. Both sides of the gallery beyond the throne were filled with the wives of the Ministers. Both sides of the gallery beyond the throne were filled with the wives of the Ministers. Beneath the gallery, the two first rows of seats on each side were filled with the wives of the Senators. Beyond the Senators the ladies were filled with the wives of the general dignitaries of various ranks. The portion of the Hall immediately in front of the throne, was allotted to the ladies connected with the Royal Family and Imperial household, and the portion nearest to the throne on the left was filled by the wives of the Senators and Corps Legislatif

HAND IN HAND.

BY ALICE CARY.

Pleasure and pain walk hand in hand.
Each is the other's poise,
The burden of the silent land
Are full of troubled noise.

White harvests yellow as the day
In plenteous billows roll,
Men go about in black misery,
Hungry of heart and soul.

Life chases—now wards they grow, and drift
On to the towering main;
Oh, be a lover that would lift
Thought to a higher plane!

Sin is destructive—he is dead.
Winter-cold is lust to truth,
While virtue makes the hoary head
Bright with eternal youth.

There is a courage that partakes
Of nonchalance—a sigh
And honest-hearted fear that makes
The man afraid to be.

When we bow thoughts of self intrude
Angels adjust our rights,
And so the saints in selfish good
Dine in an even delight.

How much we take—how little give,
Yet every life is meant
To help and bless, else man should live
For all men's betterment.

THE HARLOW ESTATE.

OR

ITS HEIRS—REAL AND PRETENDED.

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY F. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "FAIR MORTON," "PRISONER OF THE BORDER," "REAL ESTATE," "THE VALE OF VELDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

Mrs. Hoddel made haste to disrobe the restored patient of his hospital dress, and to array him in the old torn habiliments in which he had been brought to the institution, shedding some few natural tears as she did so, and imprinting a kiss upon the clean, pale cheek of the boy.

Encouraging by this sympathy, Herbert ventured to speak.

"Are you a good woman, Mrs. Hoddel?"

"Ah, no, my son—I am a poor, sinful creature."

Herbert looked shamed and relapsed into silence. Mrs. Schiffle had told him that she was a good woman, but that there were some very bad ones about, and, judging by the nurse's confession, he felt that she must be one of them.

"Is Doctor Weldover a good man?" he asked, after a pause.

"Yes—yes—that he is—a very good, kind man, indeed.

Herbert's eyes brightened: and he quickly added, in a half whisper,

"Oh, Mrs. Hoddel, won't you please to ask him to let me go with you to-day?"

The tears ran down the little lad's cheeks, and his voice trembled as he made this bold request, which it had required all his courage to give utterance to.

Expecting that the wicked woman would scowl and scold—he was surprised to see that she too began to cry as she replied:

"Yes, my boy, I will tell him what you say; but he can't let you stay here. He has no right to do that. Here, Dr. Weldover, won't you please to come here?"

The physician, who was still in the room talking to another patient, looked around at the summons; and the weeping nurse as quickly told him of the boy's request.

"Bless me!" said the doctor, "don't you want to go home?"

"Home? oh, yes—oh, yes!" replied the now sobbing child. "I do want to go home!"

"But your aunt is waiting to take you."

"Not to-day, sir. I don't want to go there; I want to go where Evry is."

"Who is Evry?"

"She is my sister."

"Where does she live?"

"I don't know, sir. Oh, don't you know?"

The boy asked this question with great earnestness, and the doctor, startled at the suspicions to which his words and manner gave rise, said:

"Here's some mystery, Mrs. Hoddel. The child shall not go until I know more about it."

"Ah, that it shouldn't, my dear sir."

Let the woman come up, and I will question her about it."

Mrs. Schiffle came, nothing daunted, and stoutly asserted her right to the lad. She admitted that she was not his aunt, but alleged that his own uncle had placed him in her care; her, and as she quite believed this, she averred it no more evil with such a truthful air as was quite to stagger the benevolent man. She even appealed very confidently to Herbert himself to say whether it was not so; but the look which the boy in a great mass looked at her without reply.

When her voice pitched in a high, key, she angrily repeated the question, and Herbert, gaining a little courage to do so, answered, very stoutly, that he did not know.

In her half-English, she called him an ungrateful little serpent, and promised him something to refresh his memory, when she got him home.

"I don't believe a word of it," said the indignant nurse.

"Oh, you dont believe it—fervey well, den—de pless child can tell some sort a story for me. Its cire sure. You know I prought him here."

"Yes—I saw you did."

"I am afraid he will have to go," said the doctor. The Schiffle need him, and he spoke boy's eyes fell beseechingly upon the nurse, whose matronly instincts were all alive now. She grasped his other hand and said:

"He is not poore any way. Let his uncle come for him, and we will talk with him."

"That's it" cried the doctor, in great glee. "Let him come for him, and we'll keep him safe till then. Go along now—go along!"

"To be tryfle mit you all dese, me tryfle! dere now!" said the enraged woman, as she went off casting a defiant glance at her escaped prey.

The uncle did not come. Two days passed without his appearance or that of Mrs. Schiffle, and the delighted doctor, now fully confirmed in his suspicions that Herbert did not belong to them, at once took him to his own home.

So strong was the attachment which he had conceived for the child, that although greatly chided at receiving him into a sad lot, he was still pained to think it was his duty to make every effort to discover his relations.

Sorrowful enough he advertised him very extensively, stating all that the boy could tell about himself, with seemed at all likely to afford a clue to his parentage. Not only so, but he gave information at the office of the Chief of Police, where a very surly clerk, after a hasty examination of the books, told him between the puffs of his segar, that there had been no description left there of any such child, and that probably he was from the country or from some other city; or more likely still, that he had been abandoned on purpose. Then the doctor went home and tremblingly awaited the result of his advertisements. One deeply afflicted mother called to see the lost child, and although his heart bled for her, he was in ecstacies when she sobbingly exclaimed that it was not her boy

Every ring at his door bell, every letter left by the postman, frightened the good man—until many weeks had passed and Herbert was not claimed.

Then he began to feel safe, and he was inclined to adopt the belief of the grim officials at the police office—that dear little Herbert had been for some cause abandoned by unnatural relatives.

The doctor's residence was a little out of town, in a very pleasant rural cottage, and his sister, a maiden of about forty years, whose name was Jerusha, was an excellent, amiable lady, even more fond of children than himself.

Between them Herbert might have stood a fair chance of a happy home and love. But Providence was a woman of good sense and excellent principles, and she almost daily underwent the self-denial of refraining from some over-indulgence to a little pet who had carried her heart by storm, at first sight, and had ever since retained possession of that undefended fortress.

Herbert was happy once more; he did not seek companions, for some of the neighboring cottages swarmed with bright eyed boys and little bads of girls, and the doctor's house and grounds, once so still and dreary, now often rang with their merry gambols, and the grounds and lawn looked complimentary, and felt as happy as they.

As time passed away, Herbert's recollection of his old lonely misery grew and was frequently, yet one four came ever to him in visions of

HERBERT'S "AFFECTIONATE AUNT" CALLS AT THE HOSPITAL FOR HIM.

such sweet face came back to him in visions of the night; and with one loved name upon his lips, he would start from despair slumbers, stretching out tiny hands to grasp the phantom form which ever flitted away.

Mournfully musical then would be his waking words:

"Oh, I thought that Evry was here."

CHAPTER XII.

It would be a painful task to depict in detail the misery of the wretched Evelyn, on day after day and week after week passed by without tidings of her little friend.

Fortunately, perhaps, for her, a circumstance transpired to distract her attention from her own sufferings, and to divert her mind from the one absorbing thought which rested upon the arm of her chair, if one sat withdrawn from the group. When, growing bolder, he pressed it to his lips, still it remained a quiet prisoner to his own.

Ah, ye deluded votaries of Wealth and Power and Fame, what rewards have the deities which ye worship to bestow, compared with the bliss which at this moment filled or overflowing the heart of Seth Lynde?

But Seth found her voice at last, and withdrawing her hand, she said, as she looked up smiling and blushing, yet in pain:

"I fear that I have no right to permit this, Mr. Lynde, or to—to listen to such language as you have addressed to me."

"Your nothing, dear Evelyn," was the quick reply. "I ask no pledges from you now; I will ask none until I have consulted those who have the right to counsel and direct you. I only ask your permission to apply to them."

"You have that privilege without my consent," was the evasive reply.

"But I may tell hope—"

"What, Mr. Lynde?" asked Evelyn, somewhat archly, for she was fast recovering her equanimity.

"I may tell them that you—that you love me, Evelyn?"

"Tell them anything you like, Mr. Lynde," said Evelyn, smiling very bewitchingly; "I shall not contradict you."

There was another tide of rapture rolling over Seth's heart, and he was hardly complimenting a soul upon the lips which discovered such music in his soul, when the parlor door opened, and Mr. Frederick Elderly entered the room.

If the lovers had not been in such proximity to each other as to indicate a very confidential interview, there was something of embarrassment in the appearance of each, which could not escape the observation of the visitor, such a look while bestowed, a sense of wrong-doing, the richest of them, enthralled and held the voice astounded.

Evelyn believed that her lover's proposition would be acceptable to her father, as it would result in a love, yes, in reflected bliss of a daughter for whose he had no excess of affection, and yet for whom he would cheerfully feel some degree of responsibility.

As to the latter point, as to anything were his hopes of the speedy eminence he was to achieve in the profession he had chosen, then he did not like to ask any pecuniary assistance, which was not to be contingent upon his most triumphant success. He was but a young man, in fact, upon which his exertions were to win, he was quite sure, the reward sometimes of taking wealth, or reach of mental powers.

But this pair of amiable though somewhat verdant lovers were equally mistaken in the case, and what they were about to learn, which they had to deal.

Elderly scarcely restrained a rude demonstration of the wrath which filled his little mind at what he saw and what he surmised.

Mr. Lynde perceived the signs of displeasure, and was the first to speak.

"You have come opportunely, Mr. Elderly," he said, smiling; "moreover I should have sought you to speak of a matter of deep interest to myself—"

"And I can conjecture its nature, young man, and I will spare you all explanations. Your conduct is base, and I trust my daughter can have a common interest. She is but a child."

"She will be older when I return from Europe, sir," was the quiet reply to pressure.

"I am happy to hear, sir, that you are to have a European tour," returned Elderly, with great politeness. "I hope she will be many years older when you return."

Seth winced under this hit, and resumed:

"I ask only, sir—nothing that relates to my daughter. Evelyn, you will leave us alone."

Stunned by this cruel treatment from her father, which so quickly crushed the sun germ into life in her heart, Evelyn was prompt to comply, but she stopped midway of the room, and turned back, confused by surprise.

"I obey you, father, but do not be angry at Mr. Lynde, who, indeed, is not to blame. He has surprised me this evening, as well as you, by an unexpected disclosure of his sentiments."

"You have both done better, then, than I suspected," said Elderly, his cruelty increasing. "Here let this foolish matter be dropped; you have no hope to have my consent, therefore all such matters, and Mr. Lynde is old enough not to need that I should point out the path."

"I bid you farewell, then, Mr. Lynde," said Evelyn, extending her hand to him. "You have my father's consent, and I hope to feel every happiness cannot change."

"Nonsense, girl. Go along," replied Elderly, angrily. "Your sentiments will change a thousand times before you are twenty-one, remember."

Evelyn was the brief, emphatic reply of Lynde, as the "child" left the room, giving him a look of sympathy.

Your pretensions, then, I may presume, are to be my son-in-law," resumed the angry man, addressing Seth.

"I proceed to nothing, sir, excepting to an fix-tinguishable love for your daughter, which I hope you may never receive cause to regret."

Seth was filled with glowing visions of the future, things to which he attributed to ensure the fulfillment of this prediction, and he was confused father replied:

"I never receive any reaction; set your mind quite at rest on that point. You may have made a favorable impression, but my daughter has large pecuniary expectations. Let me assure you that she has none."

A flush of indignation reddened the young man's cheek.

"She has no fortune," continued Elderly, "and no remote prospect of one."

"I thank Heaven for that," replied Lynde. "She will be less an object of pursuit to others, but none the less for me."

"She will be none the less beyond your reach. And now, sir, I have other engagements—"

"I will go, sir, and not without the hope that you will live to regret your present harshness, and to make amends for it."

"If I live till then," replied the other, throw-

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ing upon the pocket door for Beth's exit, and laughing sarcastically, "I think Methuselah will come thereafter to be recorded as the oldest of men. Good night, sir."

"Farewell."

CHAPTER XIV.

Beth Lynde left the country without again seeing Evelyn, though not without addressing her a parting letter.

In this he reiterated the tale of his unfaltering affection, and expressed his firm belief that milder counsels would yet sway her father's breast. He indulged in no acrimony against Mr. Bisbury, nor did he advise Evelyn to any disloyalty to her father, or seek to gain from her any promises in contravention of his commands.

Young as she was, he knew the time was not very distant when she would have to take up the bold legibly and monthly, to control her own movements, and then, if her love for him continued, he could properly ask her to disregard unreasonable and unjust restrictions.

He did suggest a correspondence of a merely friendly character, which might be at all times open to parental inspection. He thought that possibly Miss Sitterly might have influence enough with her father to procure this privilege; but on this point the utter hopelessness of the attempt, and did not make it.

She replied to his note to tell him this; to tell him that she could not promise to write or answer any other communication, and that she would obey her father, though she believed him unjust. At the same time she said she would not discover the sentiments which prompted that which she had already virtually confessed, and which, as they had not been of sufficient weight, she believed no time could strengthen.

With this profuse assurance engraved upon his memory, Beth went on his far journey by no means miserable or hopeless. He was not at all a hairymess youth. Hope was dominant in his breast, and he was resolved not to sacrifice either the pleasure or the advantages of travel to a morbid sentimentalism.

It was about the time of her lover's departure from home, that Evelyn experienced one of the unwilling depository of certain secrets, which greatly increased her view of the mysterious woman whom she called mother.

While she sat reading in the evening in the back parlor, a stranger, who had inquired for Mrs. Bisbury, was shown in by a servant. The visitor was a middle-aged, well-dressed man, whom she instantly recognized as a person who, in long and irregular intervals, had been in the habit of calling at the house, who always saw her mother alone, and whose visits were usually followed by turns of great depression on the part of Mrs. Bisbury.

Her curiosity had often been awakened in regard to this man, and she could not have avoided observing him closely, which his shuttered manner, and his entire indisposition to herself, would have forbidden.

He did not sit down, but walked the front parlor, but in hand, while he awaited her mother's appearance.

Evelyn professed to no knowledge of physiognomy, but the expression of the stranger's face impressed her as very unfavorably, that she was reluctant to remain in the room even until Mrs. Bisbury's coming would afford her a genteel departure.

While she momentarily expected this relief, the domestic returned to say that Mrs. Bisbury was quite ill, and begged to be excused.

"Did you give her my card?" was the quick inquiry of the stranger, in a sharp but rather feminine voice.

"Yes, sir."

As the servant withdrew the visitor turned abruptly to Evelyn, and his whole appearance when she caught a full view of his face, sent a thrill of alarm to her heart.

"You are Mrs. Bisbury's daughter, or rather her step-daughter?" he said.

"Yes."

"Is your mother unwell?"

"She has an influenza you, sir," replied Evelyn, with a flush of indignation.

"I wish you to inform her, young lady, if you have any knowledge if her being ill?"

Frightened at his rudeness of tone and speech and look, Evelyn would unhesitatingly have fled his room, but he had approached very near to her, and she dared not stir. She replied:

"I know she is frequently ill, sir; I presume she is so this evening."

"You know? Well, I presume she is ahit to see me; and I desire to be so. Will you go to her and tell her my name?"

"Yes, sir," was the eager reply of Evelyn, who was anxious to get out of the room, on any terms.

She went, and the man resumed his promenade through the parlors.

When Miss Sitterly reached her mother's apartment, she no longer doubted the illness of that lady, who was standing before the mirror, holding a vial to smelling salts to her face, and looking exceedingly pale and alarmed. She had replied to Evelyn's knock by an invitation to come in, because she supposed it was a servant, and she looked surprised and annoyed to behold her daughter.

"Go back, Evelyn," she said; "I cannot see you now; I thought it was Jenny."

Evelyn replied; she said it was a strange conduct of the visitor, and delivered his unceremonious message.

Mrs. Sitterly sank into a chair, in a state of distress evidently increased by the fact that her daughter was a witness to it.

"I will go to my room, if you please," said the girl, at last. "I would rather not remain in the parlors."

"No, no—you know you know much: I am very foolishly nervous: it is a trifling matter, which I will explain to your governess; I will go back to him now; tell him, as you can of your own knowledge, that I am really ill; and then, child, I will positively see him to-morrow evening, at this hour; I will not be ill. It is a habit of business—only I am so very nervous."

Evelyn, with much trembling, complied with this request; she did not enter the parlor, but delivered her message at the door.

"It won't do," was the quick reply. "Tell me to my room; or if she cannot see me, she must send me a check for a thousand dollars. Go; I will not suffer you part. It is her own fault that you know anything of this."

Evelyn, who so reluctantly found herself entered in such strange service, could not help but see with the commands of the stranger, whom she began to regard as some insane relative of her mother.

To her great astonishment, Mrs. Sitterly replied:

"Yes; it is part of an old debt; I will send the check."

She went to her escritoire, and with hands that trembled almost too violently to hold a pen, she attempted to write; but, after several ineffectual trials, she rose, and begged the young lady to fill up the check with the required sum, and the date. When Evelyn had done so, her mother, with great difficulty, signed it, and said:

"There, there—take it to him quick, and let him go."

Again Evelyn descended to the parlor door, where, without entering or speaking, she held out the check to the man, who flatly snatched it from her grasp, and took it to the light. Glancing hastily over it he pronounced it all right, and putting it in his pocket, he said:

"Tell Mrs. Bisbury that *I will call again to-morrow evening*;" and lowering his voice to a whisper, he added: "Tell her that I shall then want five hundred, ten minutes, and *that I must have it*. I shall have the city the next day."

"I will tell her."

"You are a good girl, and a very pretty one," said the man, with an impudent stare. "Good night."

Evelyn did not return this salutation, but hurried away, considering only how she could be to be very careful not to see the unwelcome visitor again.

When she returned to Mrs. Sitterly, that lady had rallied herself, and was more like herself, which was in some degree calculated to counteract the effect of her former indisposition.

She trembled indeed a little when Evelyn spoke of the man's return on the next evening, and of his large demand, but she immediately added:

"He will get no more money until his claims are legally adjusted. I am no fine lawyer enough with her father to procure this privilege; but my lover will exercise his influence in my behalf, and I am sure I have very unwise even in pay him his sum. However, it is not necessary you should be troubled concerning it. I am a matter of which I prefer you would not speak."

Evelyn promptly assented to this, for she could have blotted out the whole scene from her memory, and would cheerfully very gladly have done so. She gave not the least credence to her mother's explanation of the strange affair, nor to her assertion that she intended to retain possession of the money; on the contrary, she had been disposed to believe the last, she could have easily been accounted for on the ground of vague knowledge of the fact that Mrs. Sitterly stood in debt to this man for the sum of his interview on the next evening; this she took for writing memorandum in any case, and as she was confined to her room the whole of the succeeding day with indisposition.

CHAPTER XV.

If the Sitterly mansion was large, there were large demands upon it. Its proprietors had not only many poor relations whom they acknowledged; but she had a profligate and indigent brother, whose wants were unbounded, her bounty were frequent and extensive.

That they were frequently excited to may have been owing in some degree to a remnant of affection which she had once entertained for her deceased sister, who had been his wife, and whose disorderliness in a much higher station of life, had not been dissimilar to her own. If there were other reasons for indulging in such a good-will of her relation, as well as for yielding to the indelicate demands of a stranger, they were known to none but themselves.

Mr. Elnora Bisbury claims upon his wealthy relative, although large, had not been such as to moderate as seriously to annoy her. He was a bachelor, a gentleman, and possessed of a small competency, which, in a small circle, and with various modes in which meanness cringes to wealth.

He was a very frequent visitor at the Sitterly's; he ate as a gentleman at all the parties at which he or small; and he was on the best of terms with the nominal head of the house, the poor Mr. Sitterly, who sometimes, however, entertained a sort of jealousy that he was in which party he was the ruin of the family embryos.

Elnora was always in funds; he was a lawyer by profession, and talked largely of "cases," "bills of exception," and "writs of error," and still more largely of retainers from "clients." But his real business was all transacted by a sort of private understanding with the opposite party, complaining man, with a pliant conscience, who with gross diffidence sued out a scant thirty dollars, paid, paid office expenses, and put a very few hundreds into the pocket of the client of his friend.

But everything was done in the name of Elnos. If his name was on the list, it was understood by all his law documents; it sometimes, such to gentlemen, was the name of the firm, Sitterly & Simon Bisby, of counsel for the defence;" on which occasion he was in the habit of calling in his friends, as a case of great or very peculiar interest, which, in fact, it never was. Sometimes Simon had transacted his own business until the companies offered of getting his living on easier terms, and then he would be left to his own devices, perhaps, for the small income which it yielded him. But such seasons he liked as little as any apparent means of livelihood, and escape being classed as a genteel vagrant. He had a good office and a good library, which had not materially suffered under two or three keys made upon it by the sheriff, from which it had never been removed since its first entrance.

The sheriff and Mr. Sitterly might be said, indeed, to have been partners for the last seven or seven years. Now one had it, and now the other, but in the latter case Mr. Sitterly kept up communicates of various law authors, "hall mall," [in the expressive language of Simon,] and kept their prices on Simon's shelves during all these changes, with a noble liberality unknown in all times.

And not one to Mr. Rook. For when Blass, who had an office and books, and who did not need to study, would find for a partner, Mr. Rook; who had neither office nor books, was the man instead a wife and four children, and was reduced from the genteel, and who, moreover, was willing to work, Mr. Rook answered his advertisement. They were soon after in partnership, and they got on coolly as partners, especially as the head of the firm never spent more than half his office time was required to read the morning papers, and smoke a cigar. In the evening he did not enter it at all for successive weeks.

Simon was by no means the meanest legal adviser of his wealthy sister-in-law. She was quite too acute for that. He was one of those persons on which she sought his counsel, and one of those on whom she would not be at the trouble of many creditor, who appeared to possess such an indelicate thing as a claim for the sum of cash, or accordingly chaste dimensions. Every payment to his interest was in good, which threatened, if still encouraged, to result in very reckoned proportions as to ingrid the greater portion of her whole income.

She correctly thought that Simon would feel interested in putting a stop to Elnora's visits to the estate, not only for his own present benefit, but as the more pecuniary importance, while he had reason to hope for, if he survived his sister, was a full decade in advance of the time whose constitution was impaired to quite an emancipated artist.

Whatever was the result of this conference on the present occasion, it did not restore Mrs. Sitterly to a happy frame of mind, nor did it fill her apparently to begin the vexatiority of the lawyer, who was not wont to be much other people's troubles very seriously to heart. To do Simon justice, he generally bore his professional responsibilities with composure. But he was resided now, and brought away with him from the council room some ominous and lowering looks, some muttered threats, which might probably have been feared if they had been heard by the mysterious disturber of the family peace.

He was not too much moved, however, to leave some very tender glances and some very sugared words for Evelyn, whom he met on the passage, and requested him with a feeling which, if it was not quite that of loathing, was certainly not much less than the third division of that sentiment.

For several months Miss Sitterly had been compelled to see that Mr. Blass was her admirer —this she could not believe that a man of his age, which was considerably more than twice her own, could entertain any design of really making suit to so a lover. She was inclined to be undecided in this opinion, although not until a distant day.

CHAPTER XVI.

The great events in the history of individuals are not always the most important ones in short space of time. Years glide by and when one important epoch has mingled with the past and the changes which it has produced have ceased to be regarded as strange, another, perhaps, occurs, which in its turn distresses, delights or astounds, yet in its turn, also becomes, and the whole is considered as a connected narrative. Yet when these successive eras of an eventful life are placed in close proximity in the pages of the historian or biographer, they seem startling or astounding by the rapidity with which they follow each other under the eye of the reader, who forgets that he is gradually gaining the navels of long and slowly passing years.

Two years had passed away since Beth Lynde was absolutely written, which would deeply interest the reader, but which in its strange repetitions of pity. Also, how few there are, which will further detain the reader. Enough, therefore, may reverse this idea, and say how few also, the events which have occurred in the course of very quiet natures, would not in like manner, crowds a hundred-fold their size in our hours.

We pass over an interval of about three years in the history of Evelyn Sitterly and of those by whom she was surrounded.

She had reached and passed the age of seventeen; she possessed the younger years as she so fulfilled, in her beauty, her intellect, her finished education to her few friends, and her strict adherence to a sense of duty at whatever sacrifice of feeling.

It need scarcely be said that these had not been the years which had brought her the deep wound which her young heart had received in the departure of Beth Lynde, although how many objects to close: on whom are lavished the love of strong affections which the loss of brothers or sisters, to share your daily lot, whose disenchantment is a much heavier loss of friends," surround, I cannot ask you to appreciate the sensations for privations which young Evelyn cherished the remembrance of the one to the isolation in which she was rudely wrested from her, and of which so many accessions on every side acutely rendered her.

Another source of pain mingled its shadows with this, yet it was one which was not unlightened by some rays from the past.

Mr. Bisterly had continued unyielding in his unreasonable pain of dislike to Beth, for his daughter's hand, and had bound the tender compersonal affection by the most unbreakable ties, who had never designedly met him during the whole of the time which had passed by since he was from foreign travel.

She was also still a school girl, pursuing her daily way to and from the Seminary, and Seth the nominal head of the house, the poor Mr. Sitterly circumstance to obtain an interview by the way.

The internal interdict had been only against the visits of Beth to the house, and although he thought she feared that she violated the spirit of the edict, she did not feel so liberty to deny her the pleasure of meeting her friend with her side in the public streets. Her father, she knew, was aware of these occasional and brief meetings, and might have prevented them. Was not this evidence that he was willing to wear a very opaque himself and her only friend?

Mr. Sitterly was a man of business as per mitting these brief interviews; in listening to the reports of which he was the medium, and although he

THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

87. AGNES AT THE ALTAR.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Ave Maria! Do the morn's sweet blushes
Tell you the sunshine of the lovely hills?
The night-wind plaints yet in mournful gushes
Her soul of song—and yet the darkness fills

Heaven's breadth of eighteen—willfully, vilely pursuing
For birds like these my soul finds much akin
Their pure, free tones, where sensuality burning
Has not yet blotted stands our glorious sin!

Bonita Maria! All the night-time fervent
My heart hath borne for beauty even alone.
Let it up but I, its still, broken and weary
Pouring my pale lips to unanswering stone!

Mater Dolorosa! Thou hast lived and suffered,
And loved, and lost, and wept in anguish sore;
Oh! plead for pardon day that dawns and dies!
Saying in mercy—Go, and sin no more!

Rosetta Maria! Thou hast smiled in pity,
And darkness flees before thy shining face;
I see the glories of the celestial city
Roll back, and angels thronging in their place!

Mother of God! Thy cross had not been needful
Were not thy story thrown *this* blessed forehead wears;
The heavy cross is lifted from my bosom,
And peace blooms into radiant flowers once more!

And from my soul, as from the hills, the shadows
Roll with the sun the distance will and fly,
A solemn light is shining on the meadows,
And in the east our glorious morning lies!

His calm, white splendor, like a consecration
Of holy vows, falls on my heart and brain;
Shine, Star of Bethlehem, in annunciation
Of the great peace that follows on earth again!

THE MUTE SINGER

BY ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

Amid deafening bursts, the horses of the Marquis de St. Amor were released from their harness, and Sybrie and Sara taken down the window.

"They will find their way back, and their grossness will give the alarm," was her rapid thought as she turned her eyes anxiously upon Henorien.

A demon men had taken the places of the noble steeds, and were preparing to bear the young singer in triumph to her splendid home.

"Have the goodness to tell us where you live, Mademoiselle?" said one of the artisans, addressing her in such a subdued and respectful tone that she could hardly recognize him as the individual who had seized the unlucky Claudine.

Sybrie seemed to speak, forgetting her inability in the agitation of the moment, but no sound issued from her colorless lips. Happily her actions were her guide. She opened them and wrote, "Rue d'Angoulême, Numero —."

The men repeated the street and number to his comrades, and it was echoed from mouth to mouth. Then the strangest thing imaginable started crowd amid prolonged hurrahs that followed in an ill way, for a single angry murmur kept dangerously close to the wheels.

They reached the Rue d'Angoulême. The vengeance descended from the carriage, still holding Henorien in her arms; but, light as was her weight, now that the strength imparted by excitement subsided with the peril by which it had been produced, the exhausted maiden tottered upon the threshold. One of the men pressed forward to relieve her from her burden, but she shook her head, and loosened not her grasp. The cheers of the crowd had brought the inhabitants of the whole neighborhood to their doors and windows. Sybrie looked up, saw Mathieu for one moment, the next he was at her side. She placed Henorien in his arms, and, still clinging her motionless head, mounted with difficulty to her own apartment.

Mademoiselle de St. Amor was laid upon the sofa, and Sybrie was kneeling beside her, aiding Madame de la Roche in her efforts to restore consciousness, when the crowd rushed noisily upon the stairs. Mathieu had disappeared. The room was filled with strangers.

Henorien gazed about her in alarm, and murmured in a terrified tone, "Sybrie! Sybrie! are we safe?"

Sybrie replied by a reassuring caution. Just then she caught the sound of a well-known voice, and rose suddenly. The Marquis de St. Amor was asking for Sybrie in the midst of the crowd.

"Brother! brother!" said Henorien, extending her arms towards him.

The young would gladly have kept the "aristocrat" back, but Sybrie waved her hand. The impressive gesture was instantly obeyed, and room was made for the Marquis to pass. His sister, feeble as she was, had risen to approach him, and now sank upon his breast.

He laid her tenderly upon the sofa, and turning to Sybrie, sought both her hands and said, in a voice so tremulous that it was hardly audible, "I owe you my sister's life! How gladly I would devote to you my own, if you would accept so poor a gift?"

Sybrie withdrew the hands which grew cold at his touch—her useless cheek became ghastlier—her bowed head was averted. It was quickly lifted. She met the eyes of Mathieu's voice crying to the people to let him pass, and assuring them that it was a false accusation he brought.

Sybrie saw Dr. Souvestre, made a few steps towards him, as though seeking refuge from the Marquis, who, her faltering feet told her, was at her heels, and she leant heavily against her mother, struggling with the emotion of faintness that crept over her, blinding her eyes and turning her blood to ice!

She scarcely heard Dr. Souvestre's voice whispering in her ears, "I am ill—he must get you out of this crowd into your own apartments. Take my arm. Lean on me!"

Hardly conscious, she mechanically obeyed.

The eyes of the Marquis followed her with a expression of intense anguish. When she withdrew the hands he had seized,—when she almost shrank from his touch,—he turned with such ready confidence to the young physician, he felt that the one had worthily won what the other had gained.

He was rescued from these depressing reflections by his sister's anxious inquiries. Happily, he had the fear of the return of the revolutionists before his eyes, and the panic which ensued, and which was quickly succeeded by the arrival of the trained and bewildered gendarmes, who could only tell that an affray had occurred upon the ground, almost trampled to death, he heard a voice singing the Marseillese Hymn that a moment after he was lifted up, and saw Mademoiselle de la Roche standing on the sixth of the crowd, singing, with Mademoiselle de St. Amor lying in her arms, and that he had reached his strength through the blinding throng, accumulated, and rushed home.

After Sybrie left the apartment, the people dispersed. Henorien sent Mathieu to beg that she might be allowed to join her friend. Madame de la Roche, with abundant apologies, brought the answer to this petition. Dr. Souvestre, she said, was very peremptory, and he had refused to allow Sybrie to see my son, fearing the ill effects of additional excitement.

Mathieu was despatched for a carriage, and the Marquis reconducted his reluctant sister in the *Faubourg St. Germain*.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PARTING.

Several days elapsed before Paris sunk again into a state of deception, transitory quietude, and the blood of her children was washed from her flag stones, ere long to be crimsoned anew with breathless haste.

The deliciously reared Henorien was completely prostrated by the shock her nerves with unrestrained, and the long season which ensued.

The effects of exhaustion and excitement on Sybrie were severely temporary, but her parents were unwilling to allow her to venture forth. Her last brave act of devotion had doubly endeared her to Mademoiselle de la Roche, who plied for her society, and fretted herself into a fever, because she was compelled to be a prisoner.

These two young maidens were bound to each other by ties as strong as though kindred blood was in circulation through their veins, and the birthnight their hearts into responsive pulsation. An internal recognition of kindly-received love to the other as a sister is spirit. Let men jest at the friendship of women, and call their hearts are rich, feminine natures whose tender attachment to one of their sex is a mystery, as an outrage, as indispensable to happiness as the love that binds them to the beings of the other sex. Heroism and Sybrie belonged to this class of beings.

The attention of Dr. Souvestre was so engaged by marked that Sybrie, without distinctly regarding him as a lover, began to experience an unwonted embarrassment in his presence. He had never framed his passion into definite language—he had never spoken how tenderly he would be remembered by him during her absence—how earnestly he longed not to be forgotten by her. What right had she to take it for granted that he would not? Was the highest compliment a man can offer, and to crush his hopes by the intimation that it would not be accepted?

The harrassing awkwardness of her position was increased by the fact that on the very first evening, Maître Beaujon unexpectedly brought with him intelligence that the place of Sybrie's abode was discovered, and he and his company would take possession of it on the following day.

Sybrie could not depart without bidding adieu to Henorien, who was still confined to her couch by indisposition. It was with no little difficulty that Monsieur and Madame de la Roche could persuade her that it was not necessary to traverse the streets, even in a close carriage, and under the protection of Maître Beaujon himself, as they finally consented, it was with the mingled pain and joy that she would not be absent for a couple of hours. Sybrie regarded punctuality as one of the highest virtues, and when the permission was given, her mother knew that she would return at the hour appointed, to a minute or an hour.

Maître Beaujon and his pupil found Henorien lying upon a couch in her boudoir, looking very pale and interesting. Her brother was sitt reading aloud, in the hope of willing away hours of suffering, and he had just commenced the perusal of restraint.

As he rose to greet the welcome visitors, the last words he had uttered to Sybrie, "I owe you my life—will you accept my heart?" "I owe you my own, if you would accept so poor a gift," rang in her ears. She could not immediately command her self-possession, Sybrie could not summon courage to apprise Henorien of the fact that she was to be left. Her engrossing at the clock, she found it was nearly time to depart. She rose hastily, and pressed upon her tablets, "Toll hue—I cannot," and handed them to Beaujon, who was conversing with Madame.

Beaujon, completely taken aback, blurted out the unwelcome announcement, "I will do it, but not told Mademoiselle de St. Amor, then, that she was to leave Sybrie behind?"

"To-morrow!" exhibited Mademoiselle de la Roche, in the form of a question.

Henorien burst into a violent fit of weeping. Her mamma endeavored to soothe her, and for she had shed few tears in her short and happy life, Mademoiselle de la Roche was completely upbraiding at Beaujon, as though he had been guilty of a crime.

The Marquis comprehended the look, and probably divined the reason of Beaujon's refusal to such a task, seated himself beside his sister, and said:

"Why, Henorien, you have not remembered the new promise in store for you? Sybrie has promised you will enjoy corresponding with Mademoiselle Sybrie. I expect to find you regular correspondents when I return from indefatigable manner."

Henorien smiled through her tears, and sobbed out, "you will write to me, Sybrie, will you not?"

Sybrie traced the word "often" upon her tablets.

"And you will keep her back very soon, Monsieur Beaujon, will you not?" added the weeping girl.

"As soon as you can send us word that France is sufficiently peaceful and prosperous to welcome back her exiles," said the Marquis gaily.

Sybrie pointed to the clock, and wiping away the tears that would gather in her eyes, despite her efforts, embraced her fervently, gently unclasped the hands that clung to her own, and bowed her head to the Marquis, and was out of the room before Maître Beaujon could make his address. He rose from his chair, and looked as he spoke, but his lips were mute as bars.

The Marquis looked at him, and Sybrie, Maître Beaujon and his new valet, Mathieu, were out of his sight.

A few days more and Sybrie's parents, and her dear friend Henorien, were gathered by her side. The travellers had arrived in safety. The company of Sybrie's parents was limited to a few of the dreaded, appearance before a coldly critical and fashionable throng.

The next letter was from Ursule, and gave an account of Sybrie's brilliant début, and of the impression made by Maître Beaujon's performance of Orgando's wonderful composition.

This episode was rapidly succeeded by others of the same character. The youthful songstress soared at once to a high pinnacle. The very singularity of her affliction enlisted unwonted interest—doubled her attraction—and gave unprecedented value to her gift. She was styled "*The Mute Singer*," and the title itself piqued curiosity and encompassed her with a mystery-loving crowd of worshippers.

With mingled humility and gratitude, she wrote to her mother, that, not one of her letters but her *trial*, had sprung her sudden prosperity; and that she was daily more and more convinced that she owed the favor of the public, in a large degree, to the peculiarity of her privation—as much to the power *lost* as the power possessed.

Ursule's letters were of a more gossiping character than those of Sybrie; they were fuller of pleasant details, and minute descriptions of passing events. But for them, Sybrie's parents might not have known the industry with which their daughter was prosecuting studies unallied with those of her profession; nor of the attentions she received from distinguished sources; nor of the admiration which her genius and her responsive insensibility; nor of Maître Beaujon's unwearied kindness in the character of musical instructor; nor of the summary manner in which he extinguished their aspirations.

Sybrie, in her letters, never touched upon the subject, and even the fields of Lancelle she described the places they visited, and often dwelt upon the books she read, but always spoke briefly of her public appearances, and the tokens of approbation lavished upon her.

Henorien often visited Madame de la Roche, accompanied by her brother; and it was a matter of concern for them to peruse Dr. Souvestre's letters, as well as those of Sybrie to her mother.

Dr. Souvestre was also a frequent guest in the Rue d'Angoulême, where he was welcomed with the letters of the travelers was accorded to him by Sybrie.

The Marquis not only made the acquaintance of the young physician, but the highest compliment Sybrie's future husband, but by his patronage and friendship he was instrumental in greatly increasing his practice, and placing him in an enviable social position—one which the Marquis soon believed Sybrie would hereafter share—and which he fervently desired.

Before long the health of Monsieur de la Roche began to decline. He was not able to attend to his duties as secretary to Count Damerun. The Count was about to depart for Lancelle on different parts of France, and his secretary had the charge of a large establishing him in regard to his property. Ere rest de la Roche, though he fully appreciated, he may say gloried in the appointment of his friend, discharged his duties with a punctuality and prudence which added lustre to the character of the man who had passed his life in pursuing phantoms. But the severe labors which he had undertaken in furtherance he had brought upon himself by his ingenious calculations, and his delicate health was to distinguish and resist tempting shadows, and to long to rest among realities. He longed for home and leisure, and soaring wholesome fruit to repose.

Mouth followed month and Paris, in spite of its precarious tranquility, began to be a desirable republicanism, was not in a sufficiently settled state for Monsieur de la Roche to remove his family. Besides this, the success of his company in the Rue de Lancelle continued to grow more November, and the *orgue* of Monsieur Le Grand, after mailing the use of the Rue de Lancelle, he was now back to London to enchant Hamburg, with the intention of visiting Germany.

The year for which the young vocalist was engaged had nearly expired, and Sybrie had announced that he proposed to return to Paris.

The re-appearance of Maître Beaujon's pupil for Sybrie had not only steadily increased, but with mutual attachment which had become exotic had drawn them towards each other. When Sybrie were flowers and gathering evergreens, the olden routines of their existence in Paris, Beaujon Mongelle, with a shade of bitterness, which his mother had died during his absence,) and Sybrie, with a sigh, that her father's companion from Sybrie would be, he would miss even more than his pupil, for he had been a long acquaintance with her, and the little attentions which it seemed so natural for each to pay to the other, were, she thought, few. Then he gravely asked himself whether it was absolutely needful that this separation and her departure for Germany should be rounded that important question to himself alone, without the accompaniment of a witness, nay, he asked it of her:

"Why could we not be separate? Just no reason that renders it impossible. Do you not, Sybrie?" he asked, almost sternly.

Ursule was too much amazed to reply.

Beaujon repeated the question in an authoritative voice, as though commanding an answer. Sybrie looked up, and wrote upon her tablets:

"That's right; I like a direct answer, and like all the better for being short," said Maître Beaujon.

"We love here had many happy hours together during the last year, and during your society; you do not seem to dislike mine. Do you think you can accommodate yourself to the habits of my company?"

"Yes!" was the time was given more promptly, as if there would be lack of contrary in her thoughts.

"Soon after we reach Paris, then, I will seek out for Sybrie a home," said Beaujon, as he her purchased a piece of jewelry in my life, but the happiest one I ever made. I am not going to let me put it upon your finger. Will you?"

This time Ursule ruried her negatives by on the spot, and with a look of mingled pain and pleasure.

"I thought you would say 'yes,' or I would not have asked you," said Beaujon, and pressing the fingers into his small box so eagerly as though he expected to feel the proposed wedding ring to be broken. Then he smiled, winked, and by an effort at playing the lover, "I evolves I am not to be cheated, Sybrie," he continued. "I did not dislike me, rough and crabbed as I am; but you have seen so little of the world, and know of our remaining together. Now, as we have been friends for many years, I propose that we are one to care for us but Sybrie, let us definitely unite ourselves."

Sybrie very recently expressed her approval of the proposition by a gesture which Beaujon, by begging to be allowed to officiate as bridegroom.

For Ursule, at her time of life, to trust her happiness to the care of one so considerably her inscrutable and domineering as Beaujon, may seem a venturesome step. But Ursule had come to know him intimately enjoy being ruled—of course, they deny it to themselves and to each other way in which they were governed.

Then, Maître Beaujon's tongue was by no means so virulent as when he first undertook his appearance. It had been calmed down by the tenderness of Sybrie's gentle nature, and was now held by the compassionate gentleness which her pathetic misfortune, and which her patient and silent disappointments, inspired; by the softening influence of her presence and her example.

God uses dissimilar instruments to effect the same results, and the influence of one is sometimes pure hand of the young girl had been commissioned to cast the first seeds of faith in Beaujon's heart. As he watched her strong, steady, perfect trust in the wisdom of the most mysterious of the divine and never-slumbering Providence was implanted in his sluggish spirit. That belief once firmly established, all his views of life were revolutionized and re-modelled—all his acts and motives shaped in recognition of, in accordance to, this heavenly guidance.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE RETURN.

We pass over the joy of Monsieur and Madame de la Roche when their gentle and gifted daughter was restored to them.

The surprise was only surpassed by his disappointment, when she earnestly entreated that Maître Beaujon might be permitted from henceforth upon a subject which must give her excessive pain, and to which she could not even hope with an unqualified refusal.

Monsieur de la Roche remembered a hope amounts of eloquence in representing the folly of her determination to but Sybrie was firm in her resolution; so firm that her father was impressed by the possibility of her having formed some stronger attachment. She confessed, however, as suddenly asked that something genius, enthusiast his suspicions. He insisted upon an ingenuous reply. Sybrie's upright nature could not bend to dissimulation—upon a subject which his custom's sanction for untruth; she, accordingly, gave no answer.

While Monsieur de la Roche was strongly opposed to the union of Sybrie and Beaujon announced, but, before he could enter, Sybrie escaped from his apartment, making a gesture, as she fled, that supplicated her father not to follow her.

Monsieur de la Roche, with much hesitation, entered the difficult task of communicating Sybrie's rejection to her lover, trying to soften the disappointment as much as he could, giving information that her parents had reason to believe their daughter's affections were already engaged.

Beaujon's face was at first confounded—then wounded—then inclined to be angry, but ended by wringing his host's hand, and rushing wildly, fleeting himself. Regret and dejection exercised their influence over him, and he became a lenient.

As he was descending the stairs, he encountered the Marquis de St. Amor and his sister, who were ascending to pay a visit of thanks, and to bestow upon him more than a passing solicitude. Beaujon was hurried on. He answered their and shook hands. It was impossible not to ask if their medical friend was in attendance.

"You look disturbed; has anything happened to distress you?" asked the solicitous Marquis.

Dr. Souvestre was one of those beings to whom sympathy is a necessity—reserve is indispensible—to conceal a pang was to double its poignancy.

Nothing more than happens to deluded men every day," he replied, with a smile of sad, bitter self-contempt, and a recollection of having in another rendered is more easy to assume. "I have only been a fool, Monsieur le Marquis—I have cut myself, and gained my deserts; that ends the matter."

"You do not mean——" began the Marquis, with a start.

"I mean that I have been disinterly rejected by Mademoiselle de la Roche," he replied, with in her name! He informed me that her heart was already engaged. Is it very strange? To whom can she be attached? The letters of Monsieur Ursule slowly and thoughtfully stated that she had proved insensible to all the advances of suitors, and, with a faltering voice, the rich Paris, she was not acquainted with any one who had been favored by the notice of her physician."

Such a delicious suggestion was unintentionally infused into those words! As their breath a long buried hope burst like a resurrection from the grave, and its hopes that most at once receive Sybrie's assurance for its existence, or be annihilated forever.

The Marquis could not frame any direct reply, but he grasped the hand of his friend, left the carriage, passed on and entered the drawing-room.

Sybrie was there to welcome him, her head bowing color, the almost imperceptible quivering of her lips, the slight tremulousness of the hand she permitted him to clasp for an instant, the interpretation of these unconscious signs over the head of that remunciated hope its most vivid existence.

He rested himself beside her and talked with the same genial ease and gaiety which he had displayed in the conversation before those sad days of sudden estrangement. Sybrie's absence of mind was completely over the hour, and her tablets in reply.

Henorien, elder because she was chastened in sent her brother remove his olden deportment and manner, but Sybrie, as she had done in the instinct against being *de trop*, prattled away to Mademoiselle de la Roche, and Dr. Souvestre chanced to be seated at some distance from their conversation and his own.

The table near Sybrie was heaped with books and music, which had been taken from the piano, and were not yet arranged in order. Several volumes had been opened, and one, which lay on the top of a book-case, and had accompanied her upon her journey to Lancelle. Sybrie, with her accustomed mechanical volumes, the eyes of the Marquis rested upon the open page, and he recognized the first elegant literary, for the cover was dingy and worn. He took it up to look at the name of the author's Bible—for she was a Protestant, and the "good book" was in daily use. As he did so, the leaves fell apart, and a number of pressed and withered heliotrope fell from between the leaves. Sybrie saw them as—recognized them—watched them—and, turning to Sybrie a free in which a deep blush succeeded a deadly pallor—leaves of the soul, and in a low, thrilling tone:

"Do you have kept them? May I ask?" he likes that you have cherished the memory of those days?"

Sybrie's fingers did not grasp her pencil, or her tablets would have been broken. Her eyes met mine and closed it upon the tell-tale heliotropes and her head sunk upon her bosom, but her countenance was no longer visible.

"Sybrie, dearest love, confirm the Marquis, "when I feel that I may venture to plead firm explanation of the past. Is it—is it—that you have not forgotten me—that you inspired me with a feeling which has only strengthened with my years? Sybrie, I am not romantic—I am immature—is bestowed me to wait, in silence and with patience, until your affections are formed, and you were aware of your own existence. Have you done so? Have you? Have I waited, as my liege, to which I could give no other name, and without an oath, and with entreaty arms tore to asunder. You withdrew yourself from my sister's society and my own—you refused her exercises to grant her any explanation of the mysterious change. I will not tell you what anguish I endured, and how zealously I sought for the cause of your inexplicable indifference.

I thought I had found it—I thought you suspected my passion, and were too generous to encourage it, after bestowing your hand upon a younger, and, doubtless, more captivating man."

Sybrie's eyes, lifted for a brief instant in genuine amazement, would have convinced the Marquis of his error, had not the delusion been already dispelled.

"That look tells me I was wrong—I know it already. My forgiveness ingenuously—I am no mistake. Then I dared to entertain the hope that you did not shun me from indifference. These flowers have confirmed that precious belief."

Sybrie's head drooped lower and lower, as though she could not lift it from her breast.

"Have I been too rash, my love?" he resumed, "but I have suffered so long that I could not longer endure another moment's doubt. Will you trust your happiness in my keeping? I implore you to decide. Your father's eyes are turned upon an inquisitively—do not think I may ask you that I am willing to confide my child to my tender care."

Sybrie's great heart leaved as though it would burst from her breast; she took up her pencil and tablet—they dropped unused, but in the hand, which the Marquis extended to receive what she wrote, she timidly placed her own.

Sybrie's throbbing heart and her eyes were rewards her parents. The action had a most eloquent language of its own, but the eyebrows of Maître Beaujon and Monsieur Le Grand produced a result which was quite as unexpected.

Le Grand held a business-like paper in his hand.

After the customary salutations, Maître Beaujon began to "Now, monsieur, in accordance with Monsieur Le Grand explore. He has come to ask if your skill can still recall a few of your old airs, and you will find how liberally he has dealt when you peruse this paper."

Monsieur's modesty took the offered document. "The Marquis only put in jest, I hope?"

"If my Monsieur Beaujon," he remarked, "it is a very virulence instrument. Monsieur, Le Grand has only vain the contents of her parents to enter into another engagement, which will prevent the possibility of such fulfillment—the engagement of somewhat longer duration than a single night of my life. I trust, will secure her happiness in exchange for her talents. Monsieur Le Grand has given permission—the voice of love to replace the clamorous voice of the public."

Henorien sprang up, and threw her arms around Sybrie.

"My sister! My sister! Now you are indeed mine!" she cried. "Did I not always feel that you were my sister, though I had not the right to call you so? and now, now is my wish; you could legally become one? Oh, I am so glad! I am so glad! I never dreamed that you had designs in store, Sybrie, did you?"

If Sybrie's answer to this would have forced her mother to torment, with such a heart as *Pen* got, every living man or woman who had ever turned the cheek and pain of others. Of others; whether men or fiends, I will not say by which from a clair si seeing an unlucky pig with a ring in its nose, and a pig in a poke.

So you see why I wish to inflict a heart similar to mine on everybody else, and why I do so with it on half the world, but if all had it, only think how much better off we should be. More uncomforted trouble; no more *friendless* poverty; no slave-owners; no more *cruelty to horses*. Even the beasts of the field would find that the day of their deliverance was come, for the poor horses! I hope a certain author is correct in his belief that there may be "new heavens" for them. I'm sure there ought to be some consolation for them somewhere in the future.

Horses are noble creatures, made by a beneficent power for the aid of man, and of monarchs to be admired and respected, and used with discrimination, but not to be half dead with over-driving, and over-whipping, toward the fate of the worn-out nag, for such is the reward of their faithful services. Even the poor ferocious animal who has given all his strength for his master. And when he can't work any more, even to drag an ash-cart, the miserable beast is knocked on the head, and sent to the dogs and die by the rendacks.

Then dogs and cat horses (used up in four years' time) here frequently, as they pass along, in the most miserable way, and are sometimes sold to the men, gurgling and groaning, while their throats assemble refused horses, and for an instant—be it still, and the death-agony is over. Then they are skinned, and the hides into a few more struggles for their emancipation. In a not rare roadside scene in our Christian c. s.

LIFE'S CHIEF HAPPINESS.

Domestic happiness has intrinsic worth; it is more than a means to an end; it is internal; above the control of circumstances. Such happiness is the power of possessing a quiet mind, and a story beyond its value; and though with us in this world it is not to be unalloyed, yet, in its blossoms, as we may gather them, are too leaves to be found in the whole of the rest of our culture. Of all earthly goods, this is Heaven's best gift. It is the one thing which is of no other kind of joy that can compensate for its misses and its losses. Other joys are but as the gilded vitality and warmth over the cold state of the joyless. There is no other source of life to which it may not add untold price. Memories there have been who have passed through the fire of victory, have joined it for a moment, then idly sighed; rebellious men have come to it when whose sparkling prick was felt to kill all joy. Merchants may have amassed their wealth, and statesmen may have been honored by various parts of the globe; but in a moment of success and serenity have attended some favorite scheme of handsome enterprise, in all the bitterness of anguish for the loss of myself, "This is but mockery to him who would ask it to atone for the absence of domestic love." Poets have lived whose brows have been wreathed by a favoritical nation, but whose spirits have loathed the laurels, for there grew no home. Not never monarchs, merchant, nor poet found domestic bliss a joy too much. He who has once possessed it would not barter it for all no earth besides.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE LOST PET.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

O, where's my pet, my pet!
I mourn I am her cry;
Playing beside me on my sunny floor!
I turn to feel her, but the place is o'er,
Alas! the play is over.

O, where's my pet, my pet!
My eyes are dim with tears;
Dried with the flow of my deep despair!
My empty hands ache for their wonted care,
The child that made me glad.

Where are the mantling flush,
Playing with sunny sway,
Playing beside me on the parlor floor?
Their music dies on the air spirit shore.
Their music's mine no more.

And still I will mourn,
And wail their passing by!
Her playthings lie here scattered about,
As if a moment 'mid the merry rout,
My darling had slipped out.

In perfumed drawer I lay
Her dainties all away.
Her little shoes, with grey, embroidered dress,
To them all is there a wrought my tenderness,
My yearning and my love.

Ah, never rising boys
Shall touch those empty toys,
My sweet girl-baby played with long before!
Here from my sight they lie, to be buried more,
No child shall use me more.

My pet! I see thee yet;
Those eyes of liquid jet,
Untaught by grief, with their first look of misery;
Brimful of mystery, as boundless
As the unfathomed sea.

Then, only this I know,
Since thou hast entered their door,
The weary love-light of a life's long years
The woman love, her guardian, and her god,
Her loving, her, and die.

O, was it from some wave,
Some slow and sure decay,
Some ensuffice never more to be held,
The playing Christ here to my heart unveiled?
My Jesus from out the cold!

But I am very weak and poor,
Through the vain cares of life;
My sick soul calls thee with a wild despair;
I fleed for the young life from my life torn,
The love from my love drawn.

I want the warm child-lips,
The very finger tips,
Nestling to mine once more at twilight's fall;
Listening to lure the quiet sleep in the hall.
To lose the evening call
Of the beloved voice,
Which made our hearts rejoice;
I yearn to see the toddling little foot,
All tremulously eager, fly to greet
Papa, with kisses sweet.

The joy is over now,
Blind poppies on my brow,
Numb all my senses that I not know
My baby love before the winter snow,
O, God, that it is so!

The long, unbroken glare,
The clasps of this room,
How can I bear it as the days come on!
As years creep on, how can I live alone,
Heirs of my heartfelt cry.

They tell me I'll forget;
That I will find, in time,
While other children round my hearth shall play;
While their joy goes on here, in even flowing day—
They know not what they say.

Child, pass into the sky,
To me there'll never die;
The mother-life will never cease to bleed.
The mother-heart will never cease to need
Its missing sweetness.

Stay dead of mad regret!
Dead soul, banish her yet,
Behold her, sheltered from life's wild alarms,
Behold her folded from the coming harms
In the All-Loving Arms!

THE LOVER'S DOOM.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The most ferocious and formidable wild beast of this continent, the grizzly bear alone excepted, is the jaguar, which in Texas is called the leopard, and further south in Mexico the tiger-cat. His home is in the deep swamps, thickets and chaparrals of southern Texas and Mexico, and the vast, trackless forests of Central and South America. He is a nocturnal marauder, but prefers clear and moonlight nights to dark and rainy ones, and is sometimes found abroad in the full blaze of day. He possesses great physical power, and in cunning, activity and courage are the equal to his strength. His favorite places of resort are the tall rank and matted grass of the prairie-like wild savannas, where he conceals himself and patiently awaits his prey, upon which he pounces with all the ferocity of an eastern tiger, and, with his most savage power, lights down dead if even before life is extinct. If his victim proves to be larger than is required for a single meal, he will sometimes cover the remains with leaves, mixed with sticks, grass, weeds, or earth, in order to preserve it from the buzzards, wolves, and the like, that he may return to it again when hungry. When pressed by hunger, he will sometimes attack man; and in South America especially, he not unfrequently ventures into the camp of sleeping travellers, killing first the dog, if there is one, that happens to scent the Indian third, and the white man last; or rather, him next to the last order of his desire. His strength is so great that, alone and unaided, he can drag away a horse or an ox. The spotted skin of this animal is very beautiful, and is highly prized by the Mexicans for holster-covers, bags, saddle-cloths, and ornamental caparisons.

There are many stories told of the bold, daring and ferocious exploits of the jaguar; but we have a single incident to relate, which is now for the first time given to the world.

Many years ago, a man by the name of Wentworth settled in the southeastern part of Texas, and soon, in common parlance, became well to do in the world. He had an only child, a daughter named Mary, a charming, beautiful girl, who, with his servants and overseers, he sometimes allowed to a very worthy young man, an only son of a wealthy neighbor, and his name was Frederick Walter Bancroft, toward the last of his courtship, came so often as almost to constitute twice, a week to visit Mary Wentworth; and being fond of hunting, he most frequently came afoot, through the woods, with his trusty rifle for his only companion.

One warm, beautiful afternoon, toward the latter part of May, the lovers were seated beneath the cool shadows of a large oak that stood about a little distance from the dwelling of Mr. Wentworth, and, in a quiet, pensive mood, seemed to be listening to the soft, musical murmurs of a trickling rivulet that ran rolled over its clear, pebbly bed, almost at their very feet. Walter had arrived that morning, and remained to dinner, and was still lingering to hold a lover's sweet communion with his dear Mary, though intending to leave from one minute to another, and return by the shortest route to his father's very evening.

It was a beautiful picture as they sat there, beneath the shadow of that gigantic old sycamore—the lovely monarch of a once mighty wood—both young and handsome, with hand clasped in hand, looking pensively down at the limpid stream, thinking perhaps of the sad moment of parting, and dreaming happy dreams of the golden future, when they would be ever together in a world of their own, each a world made the other. And sad also! that that golden future was destined so soon to close upon one, and compel the light of both hopes to fall on the night of cyclops gloom for the other.

"Ah, me! it is time for me to be gone, dearest Mary!" sighed Walter, at length, looking round at the declining sun, and then turning his large, soft, dark eyes, with an expression of unutterable tenderness, upon his fair young companion.

"Oh, must you go so soon, dear Walter?" replied Mary, looking up into him, those eyes, with their world of affection, to him. "I could wish if you only come of late to tell me you must go."

"Thank you, my angel, for telling me how awfully the time passes in my presence! I have been here more than six good hours, and shall have to hasten home to reach my father before the setting in of night. Would that the time were come for me to say when you can! But let us wait with what patience we can. Though the moments fly unnoticed and unheeded in the presence of each other, they linger long enough when we are for apart; but still they go, and a month will bring the twenty-fifth of June, the happy birth-day of my own darling Mary, and the glorious day that I look forward to as the earth eager long and anxiously before, when I shall lead you from the altar, to clasp you to my heart and call you mine, wholly mine—mine to love, cherish and protect."

"Oh, Walter, do not talk thus now!" said Mary, sadly, dropping her head and hastily brushing a glistening tear from her eye.

"Why, my darling?" inquired Walter, in a tone of the deepest tenderness, as he gently pressed her hand, and looked down upon her with his eyes inquiringly upon her. "Why do you bid me not talk thus to my love?"

"Because I somehow fear it will never come, Dear Walter, I fear it will never come! Something—just as if something were about to happen to part me from you—I feel it!"

"Perhaps you are not well, dearest!"

"I am not, I am not sick. Oh, Walter dear, you will think me foolish perhaps, but I fancy some danger is near me. Can you not remain till morning?"

"I would with so much pleasure, my dear Mary, but then I promised my father I would be home in good season; and as I make it a rule never to break a promise to my parents, I fear you can not readily fancy her anxiety and alarm should I remain away."

"Yes, you—I see that you must go?" replied Mary, hurriedly, as she saw him rising; "but that it were otherwise! for I shall not sleep till I hear from you again. Promise me you will write."

"Nay, dearest, then I will go home and return again to-night."

"No, Walter, that would not be proper for a mere whim of mine. But since you cause about, you will at least write me a few lines?"

"If you will permit me, dear Mary, I would rather visit you. I can easily reach home in a couple of hours, and I am a good rider, and a fearless one. And this reminds me that I must be on my journey. Good-by, my love!" he added, with a tender caress, and taking up his rifle never to trouble you more. Good-by, I will be so alarmed, my blue-eyed pet," he added, seeing what girl, "I will be with you again before the ride over to-morrow and tell you that I am well. There's my word, my pledged word, for it, now, and try again, and God bless you!"

He withdrew his hand from hers in a long and loving embrace, pressed his fond lips to hers for the last time, and bore himself away in such a manner of one who feared to trust his own resolution if he were to remain longer in the fair presence. He sprung lightly over the limpid, murmuring streamlet, walked rapidly across an open field, paused once to wave a kiss from his hand, and then disappeared in a wood that skirted the dwelling.

"Oh, God protect him!" prayed Mary Wentworth, as she stepped hastily to the house to tell her mother to and for, with an uneasy, restless air, which the mother noticed with sympathy.

She continued to walk up and down over the green turf for some ten minutes, her anxiety was gradually increasing, till at length she trembled violently, and, with a convulsive shudder, and an impulse which seemed it impossible for her to control, she darted into the house, and sunk upon the bed taken. On reaching the wood, on Walter's right hand was a dense, dark, and impervious, beaten path; and had she then been able for a moment to control the fear of her strange conduct, she could not have given it.

For more than a mile the trembling girl hurried on without once looking behind her right hand and then her wildly-beating heart seemed sometimes to bound entirely from her bosom, so intense was her fear from some distance in advance. Suddenly she paused, uttered a wild scream, and shrieks and cries for help.

At length, to mount a steep, wooded hill—a living statue of marble—and then, with a wild, frightful scream, she sprung forward, and, crying, "Walter, I come," she bounded forward with the speed of a frightened deer.

But ere we show the fearful scene upon which she had entered, we will return to the fate of the lover.

Shouting the wood, with his rifle thrown carelessly over his shoulder, Walter Bancroft moved along with long, hasty strides, his mind occupied with the sweet, pleasant scene he had just left, and the words of portentous import, but apparently with no fear of any immediate danger. The wood was nearly level, and dark, shaded with large, heavy trees, interspersed with large, creeping vines, and bright blossoms and flowers, though as he hastily passed along he occasionally glanced quickly to the right and left, and once or twice unconsciously and unconsciously to be much on the watch for game that might be in the vicinity, and ready for a eye to something striking, peculiar, or beautiful.

Suddenly, however, a deep, hoarse growl, as he heard a quick, heavy rustling of the bushes, and instantaneously a monstrous jaguar sprung forward, ready for instant use; but as he could see nothing, and as the growling ceased again, he moved on, though now keeping his rifle in such ways ready to be suddenly assailed by some wild beast, and also wondering by his dim.

For a quarter of a mile he heard nothing more to excite his alarm; when, on again passing through another thicket, he, for the first time, experienced a peculiar thrill of fear; and looking quickly around, he was almost instantly aware perceive a large jaguar crouched in the rush just behind him, his eyes glaring, and his tail slowly and slightly trembling, and his tail waving gently from side to side, as if in anticipation of his death, and him that the terrible beast was about to spring, and that he had not a moment in which to escape instantly; and exciting his rifle, as he quickly brought it to his eye, he fired at the very moment the ferocious animal made the powerful leap.

The ball wounded and enraged the jaguar without doing him any serious injury, and the same instant he slightest upon his victim, with a savage, growling roar, and bore him to the earth. As he fell, Walter drew his knife and struck the monster several rapid blows with the keen blade, at the same time uttering those wild shrieks and cries for help which reached the fair being of his love and drew from her the answering shriek of agony that came faintly to his dying ear.

The contest, if such it might be called, was a short and bloody one. Walter, with the fresh half torn from his body and limbs, had received a deep, and the best wounds upon the monster. "Mother," addressing a young unmarried lady. Such an address would not be "impolite" but it would be stiff and old-fashioned. Madame in English is derived from French and Madame, which means "my lady," and, as in general rule, is applied only to married ladies, though, strictly speaking, it is one of the French adjectives that is sometimes used as a noun. Mademoiselle is the word for unmarried women. For a young married lady, "Mrs." is the best address. "Miss," which, literally translated, would be "my Miss." The English language has no word which is strictly equivalent to "Miss-moiselle," nor have we any form of address corresponding to it, usually applied to a young unmarried woman. It was formerly the practice, for want of separate forms, to say "Mistress" both in connection and out of connection. Thus Dr. Johnson addresses his step-daughter, Miss Lucy Porter, as "Dear Madam," even when, at the close of the letter, he calls her Dearest Love. See, too, several letters in Miss Edgeworth's Castle, and other works of the day. But this practice is now obsolete, and there is no one instance in which a correspondent corresponding to "Mademoiselle" is addressing a young unmarried lady. Even applied to a married lady, "Madame" is not used in the same manner as in modern letters. It is more frequently used when it is better to use the lady's name—as "My Dear Mrs. Jones," or "My Dear Madam." The most perfect correspondence between daughter, as "My Dear Miss Smith." Where the degree of intimacy is such as to warrant the use of "dear," "Madam." is still proper in addressing a married lady, by whom would at the proper day sound awkward in addressing the daughter. Plain "Miss Smith" perhaps would be as well as anything, if you are not sure of the lady.

T. W. W.—The question whether "I lines 2 & 4" or "I lines 3 & 4" is the correct expression, is nonlining much discussion. Both forms are in common use, and both are correct. The "is" or "are" is opposite will them; and as the following letter is from a lady, we will quote in a young lady's correspondence corresponding to "Mademoiselle,"